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FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED

NEWSPAPER

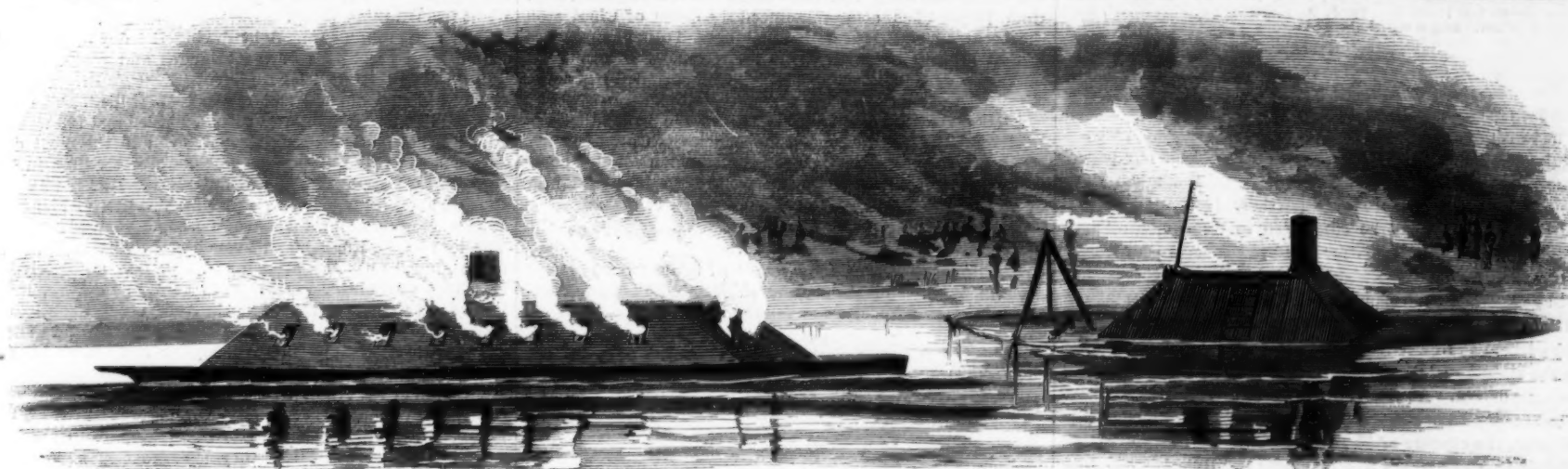
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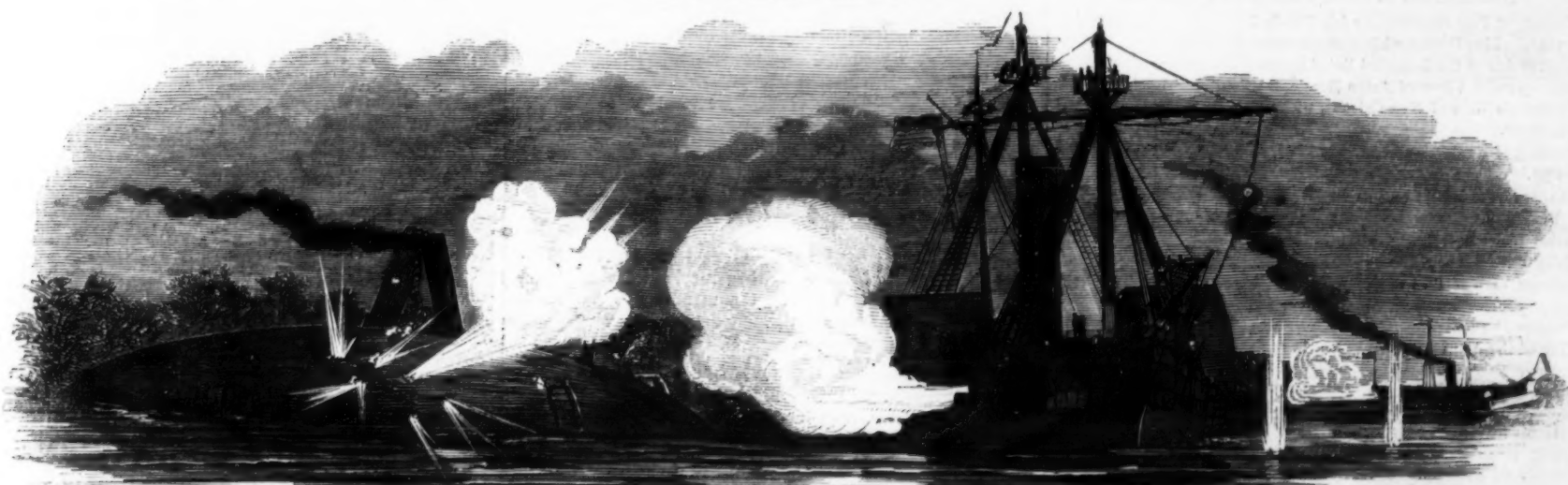
NEW YORK, MAY 24, 1862.

[SUPPLEMENT WITH
PAPER No. 344.]

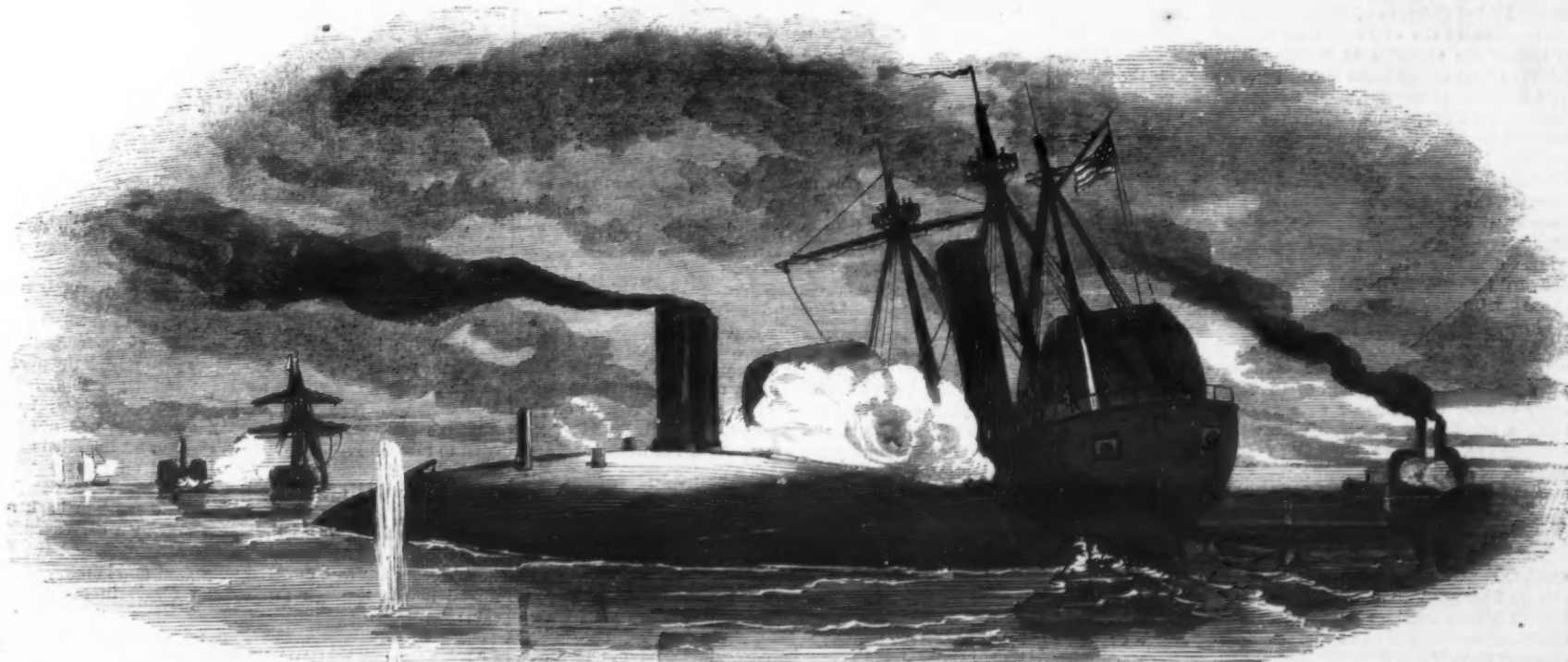
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THE CAPTURE OF NEW ORLEANS—THE REBEL IRON-CLAD STEAMER ANGLO-NORMAN ON FIRE AND SCUTTLED, AND THE REBEL STEAMER MISSISSIPPI ON FIRE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. WM. WAUD.—SEE PAGE 102.



THE WAR IN THE SOUTH-WEST—THE REBEL STEAM RAM MANASSAS "RIDDLED," ABANDONED AND ON FIRE, AFTER THE GREAT NAVAL FIGHT OF APRIL 25.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. WM. WAUD.



THE WAR ON THE LOWER MISSISSIPPI—THE FAMOUS REBEL STEAM RAM MANASSAS ENDEAVORING TO SINK THE U. S. STEAMER MISSISSIPPI BY RUNNING INTO HER.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. WM. WAUD, THEN IN THE MAINSTAY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

CAMPAIGN IN NORTH CAROLINA.

OUR Artist, Mr. Schell, says, in a few hasty lines written on the back of his sketch representing the covering of the working parties while constructing Capt. Morris's Parrot gun siege batteries: "Col. White sometimes beguiles his leisure moments by throwing shells promiscuously about the said spit, upon which our works are located, doubtless to ascertain the exact position of the batteries, and to annoy the working parties. The proceedings on such occasions are of the serio-comic order. At the word 'drop,' given by the sentinel in the 'rat hole' at the top of the sand-hill, upon seeing the flash from the gun at the fort, every man makes a bee-line at the double-quick for the nearest cover, assuming a position as near the horizontal as possible. This gives comparative immunity from danger, and up to this time nobody has been hurt, except by falling pieces of shell which have exploded overhead." The other sketches of Fort Macon have been described in our previous paper.

SUPPLEMENT TO
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor—E. G. SQUIER, Editor.

NEW YORK, MAY 24, 1862.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 10 City Hall Square, New York.

Readers supplied and subscriptions received for FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, also FRANK LESLIE'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR OF 1861, by J. A. KNIGHT, 100 Fleet Street, London, England. Single copies always on sale.

And yet Another!

AGAIN overwhelmed by the number and value of the sketches sent to us by our Artists with the Army and Navy, we are again compelled to issue a Double Number of our paper. The stirring and important events that have taken place before New Orleans are only partially illustrated in this number, and we shall be compelled to issue another next week, in order to find place for those remaining on our hands, and without which the history of that great achievement will be incomplete. Our Artist was on board the steamer Mississippi, and was in the thickest of the action and among the earliest at New Orleans. His conduct, while sketching in the maintop of that vessel, has been the subject of official commendation. As we go to press we receive full and accurate sketches of recent events and occurrences at Fortress Monroe, the capture of Norfolk, and the blowing up of the Merrimac, all of which will be amply illustrated in our next issue.

Illustrations to First Part in this Number.

Capture of Fort Macon—The 5th Rhode Island Regiment covering the Working Parties while constructing a Battery.
Destruction of the Iron-clad Rebel Steamer Merrimac.
Four splendid Views of Baton Rouge, the Capital of Louisiana.
Panoramic View of New Orleans, with the National Fleet at anchor in front.
Burning of Rockwell's Store, Hartford, Conn., during the Inundation.
Charge of the 1st Massachusetts Regiment on a Rebel Redan before Yorktown.
Rebel Water Battery, Yorktown.
Rebel Batteries near Lee's Mills, Warwick River.
Interior View of Part of the Rebel Fortifications surrounding Yorktown.
Comic—The Rebel Scorpion.
Plan of the Attack on Fort Pulaski.

The Events of the Week.

GREAT events crowd upon us with a rapidity almost defying record. Hardly had we begun to comprehend the details of the capture of Forts Pulaski and Macon, before the country rang with the news of the passage of the National fleet up the Mississippi river, the destruction of the rebel squadron, the surrender of New Orleans, and the capture of Forts Jackson, St. Philip and Pike, with all the vaunted rebel defences of the South-West. Next came the intelligence of the evacuation of Yorktown, followed close by that of the victories of Williamsburg and West Point, achieved by the army under McClellan. And while the public, with breathless suspense, kept its gaze fixed on the operations on the Peninsula, watching the progress of our troops towards Richmond, the pause was suddenly broken by the startling intelligence of the capture of Norfolk, with its splendid Navy Yard, and the destruction of the dreaded iron monster, the Merrimac—an event occurring almost simultaneously with a grand Naval engagement on the Mississippi, above Memphis, in which the combined rebel flotilla on the river, consisting of eight iron-clad steamers, was signally defeated by Com. Foote's flotilla (now commanded by Capt. Davis), with a rebel loss of two vessels blown-up and one sunk.

The history of no war of this century shows so rapid a succession of important events, or of successes so uniform. They prove the irresistibility of the National arm, and must carry dismay and despair into the rebel heart. Before these a number of events, such as the occupation of Fredericksburg, and the operations of Generals Fremont, Mitchell and Dumont, in themselves of real importance, are almost lost to view—eclipsed by events of grander proportions. These will, nevertheless, ultimately take their proper place in the history of the latter days of the Great Rebellion. The movement on Norfolk by Gen. Wool, it will be seen, was made under the eyes and orders of the President himself, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, and its success in causing the destruction of the Merrimac as well as in the recovery of Norfolk and the Gosport Navy Yard, fully justified the perceptions and judgment of the President.

The last accounts from the Peninsula leave Gen. McClellan's army on the high road to Richmond, with his

advance within 20 miles of that city, the enemy preparing to make a final stand at Bottom Bridge, over the Chickahominy river. If defeated here, Richmond must fall, and the grand rebel army, which three months ago threatened Washington and vaunted about capturing Philadelphia, will be scattered to the winds, never to gather again. The presumptions are strong, that before these lines can reach our readers the "old flag" will float again over the rebel Capitol, and Jeff. Davis and his Cabinet be fugitives, with none to do them reverence, before the power which they have impiously defied.

The army under Gen. Halleck has drawn its crushing folds tight around Corinth, where the rebel army, under Beauregard, the consolidated rebel force of the West and South-West, awaits its certain destruction. Rumors aver that the rebel General has evacuated the position, but this seems unlikely, for whither can he flee? The fleets of Farragut and Foote command the Mississippi river, and it is probable Memphis is already in possession of the former. To fly to Mobile is only to rush into the jaws of Porter's mortar fleet, and wherever he may go, there, sooner or later, he must encounter the sturdy soldiers of the North-West.

Latest accounts from New Mexico represent the Territory entirely evacuated by the Texan bandits who invaded it.

Com. Farragut, in one of his dispatches from before New Orleans, closes thus: "Now for Memphis and Mobile!" And as we write the telegraph announces the appearance of the first division of Porter's mortar fleet before the latter city. Com. Dupont has also pronounced the doom of Charleston he accused, and has occupied Bull Bay and other approaches to that city, preliminarily to its reduction. Savannah is at the mercy of Gen. Hunter, and will be occupied whenever it suits his plans to take possession.

A survey of the whole field justifies the belief that the anniversary of our National Independence will witness the gigantic treason which has rent our common country completely suppressed, and its authors fugitives in other lands, or awaiting as felons the doom due to their crimes.

The Capture of Norfolk and Destruction of the Merrimac.

The dispatches of the Secretary of War, from Fortress Monroe, announcing the capture of Norfolk and the destruction of the Merrimac, are as follows:

FORTRESS MONROE, May 11, 12 o'clock midnight.
Norfolk is ours, and also Portsmouth and the Navy Yard.
Gen. Wool, having completed the landing of his forces at Willoughby point about nine o'clock this morning, commenced his march on Norfolk at 5,000 men. Secretary Chase accompanied the General.
About five miles from the landing-place a rebel battery was found on the opposite side of the bridge over Tanner's Creek, and after a few discharges upon two companies of infantry that were in the advance, the rebels burned the bridge. This compelled our forces to march around five miles further.
At five o'clock in the afternoon our forces were within a short distance of Norfolk, and were met by a delegation of citizens. The city was virtually surrendered. Our troops were marched in, and now have possession. General Velez is in command as military Governor.
The city and Navy Yard were not burned. The fires which have been seen for some hours proved to be woods on fire.
Gen. Hunter withdrew his force without a battle.
Gen. Wool, with Secretary Chase, returned about 11 o'clock to-night.
Com. Rogers's Expedition was heard from this afternoon, ascending the James river.
Reports from McClellan are favorable.

EDWIN M. STANTON.

FORTRESS MONROE, MAY 11.

To the Hon. J. H. Watson, Assistant Secretary of War:

The Merrimac was blown up by the rebels at two minutes before five o'clock this morning. She was set fire to about three o'clock.
The explosion took place at the time stated. It is stated to have been a grand sight for those who saw it.
The Monitor, E. A. Stevens (Naugatuck) and the gunboats have gone up toward Norfolk.

Defeat of the Rebel Iron-clad Fleet above Memphis.

The Secretary of the Navy has received the following dispatch from Captain Davis, Commander pro tempore of Commodore Foote's flotilla:

FLAG-SHIP BENTON, ABOVE FORT PILLLOW,
MISSISSIPPI RIVER, MAY 10, via CAIRO MAY 11.

The naval engagement for which the rebels have been preparing took place this morning. The rebel fleet, consisting of eight iron-clad gunboats, four of which were fitted with rams, came up handsomely. The action lasted one hour. Two of the rebel gunboats were blown up and one sunk, when the enemy retired precipitately under the guns of the fort.

Only six vessels of my squadron were engaged. The Cincinnati sustained some injury from the rams, but will be in fighting condition tomorrow. Captain Stembel distinguished himself, and he is seriously wounded.

The Benton is uninjured. Mortar boat No. 10, in charge of Second Master Gregory, behaved with great spirit. The rebel squadron is supposed to be commanded by Commander Hollins.

C. H. DAVIS,

Captain Commanding Western Flotilla, Mississippi River, pro tem.

Fight near Corinth.

NEAR FARMINGTON, TENN., May 9—P.M.

To Major-General Halleck:

The enemy, 20,000 strong, drove in our pickets beyond Farmington, and advanced upon the brigade occupying the further side of the creek in front of my camp. The brigade held on for five hours, until finding them heavily pressed in front and on the flank, and that I could not sustain them without passing the creek with my whole force, which would have been contrary to your orders, and would have drawn on a general engagement, I withdrew them to this side in good order. The conduct of the troops was excellent, and the withdrawal was made by them very reluctantly.

The enemy made a demonstration to cross, but abandoned the movement. Our loss is considerable, though I cannot yet tell how great. The enemy, being much exposed, suffered very severely, one of his batteries being completely disabled and his infantry line having been driven back several times. My command are eager for the advance.

Farmington is five miles north-west of Corinth. The only forces engaged were Plummer's and Palmer's brigades.

The Battle of Williamsburg.

THE battle before Williamsburg, resulting in the capture of that place and of the second line of rebel defences on the Yorktown Peninsula, ranks among the most brilliant of the war. When the enemy stole away from his works at Yorktown, he covered his retreat with a device which might have been seen through and detected by any competent commander—that is to say, he left a few gunners to keep up a noisy artillery demonstration during the night, while he made a hurried retreat, or in the quaint language of the army, "skedaddled." When the wild, indiscriminate and vehement firing of the enemy commenced on the eve of his evacuation, any Napoleon, young or old, might have known that the whole thing was a feint, and at once put his Napoleonic columns, like sleuth-hounds, on the track. This was not done until the noisy and perspiring gunners themselves had stolen away, and the main army of the rebels was well off towards Richmond. Then commenced a pursuit which

was both vigorous and successful. Heintzelman's division, posted in advance, pushed on "hotfoot" after the retreating rebels, whom they overtook at their second line of defence, in the vicinity of the ancient town of Williamsburg. The National force numbered about 8,000 men; the rear guard of the rebels, from necessity strong in order to check the advance of the pursuers, numbered not far from 30,000 men, who had here also the support of earthworks, mounted with heavy artillery. The National troops, nevertheless, notwithstanding they had been obliged to pass the night in a drenching rain, with scant food, commenced the fight in the morning. Gen. Grover's Brigade opened the action, supported in succession by that of Gen. Patterson and Gen. Sickles, with unsurpassed energy, and maintained it against overwhelming odds with a bravery and tenacity which has covered all engaged with imperishable glory. They were without food; numbers of the regiments were out of ammunition; a force of three to one bore down upon them, yet they held their ground with obstinacy, charging desperately on the converging rebels when too closely pressed. Some batteries were lost, when not a man or horse was left to work or remove them—yet still the unequal fight went on, the heroic Heintzelman, like Napoleon at Waterloo, sending messenger on messenger to the troops in the rear to hurry to the rescue. They came at last—Berry of Maine, and Kearney of New Jersey, while Gen. Hancock made a splendid bayonet charge on the right, completely routing the rebels, taking their works, and compelling their retreat during the night from Williamsburg.

How desperate was the fight during the day may be estimated from the losses of the brigades and regiments engaged. The 1st Excelsior regiment (Sickles's Brigade) lost 250 in killed, wounded and missing—77 killed. The 5th, 49 killed. The 1st Massachusetts, 42 killed and 123 wounded. Such proportions are unknown even in the most desperate battles of Europe—proportions greater than in the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava. Had the Austrians and French fought with equal desperation at Magenta, their aggregate loss would have been 85,000 instead of 23,000. The loss of the English and French at their "terrible battle of the Alma," out of an army of 51,000, was absolutely less than that of three of the brigades at Williamsburg, numbering not exceeding 15,000 men! And yet carping Englishmen and braggart Frenchmen, the idiots, assume to sneer at the bravery, the pluck, the discipline and the endurance of the American Volunteers!

The loss of the rebels in the Williamsburg fight was very heavy—how heavy, it is as yet impossible to ascertain. They fought with vigor—a vigor due in great part to absolute desperation. How terribly they suffered may be deduced from the testimony of the correspondent of the *Tribune*—an eye-witness. He says that when the enemy abandoned Williamsburg—

"They left the churches, the college, the court-house—all the public buildings—filled with wounded. Their ambulances and hospital-wagons went out of it also. At the several points of the fight yesterday, they left these victims of our fire. The saddest sight I ever saw was the 82 wounded, lying upon corn-husks, in the tobacco barn nearest Hancock's ground. Beneath the central window of the hospital nearest Heintzelman's field limbs, amputated, were thrown out of the building, and in such numbers, from the number of the wounded, that they formed a ghastly pile, that soon mounted to the sill. Here, in the town, 600 lie in every form of physical misery, surrounded by their own surgeons. 'Surrounded'—I use the word—but so few of these officers had stayed behind that at six o'clock on Tuesday evening I saw, oh, so many! who feverishly felt around for their water bottles, and with all the language of anguish asked, when the 'doctors' would come? Scattered among these sufferers lay forms from which came neither movement nor sound. Death had ended their torment. Lifting a linen cloth from the face of one of these, in the William and Mary College Chapel, I saw the features of an officer of the common type of Virginia development. I mused as I looked at the mean mouth and narrow brow, if this could be one of the Pleasants family, for upon his breast was pinned a label: 'This is Captain Pleasants. Mark his grave.' And I thought of his father (if he were the son of the progressive journalist who had fallen by the bullet of the duelling slave-driver Rieche), and I thought of the degeneracy that Slavery and its fruit, servility, fastens by a law of God upon the stock of men of noble minds and of noble men. By an association of ideas, too, springing from contrast, I recalled a muddled figure lying in Fort No. 2 from the rebel left, in the well-known dull gray uniform, and the uniform graceless slouch hat of the canal-driving pattern before the New York and Erie tow-path. The Confederate's ragged blanket was drawn high up from his poor shoes and his ragged stockings, and covered the soldier's head. Thinking him to be dead, I lifted it, and saw beneath a head that would have served for a bust of Attila overlooking Rome. The brow had wonderful force and infinite will, mixed with the beauty of a woman. The most charming clusters of jet black hair, and a flowing beard, that shone in the sun, mingled with the streams of blacker blood that seemed to glue the mouth to the soil. Swollen and discolored as was the jaw, and bloated the lips, the face and whole head were of a magnificent cast of savage grandeur and elegance. His figure, the features of a Titan's—yet when our surgeon and his aids began to place under him a board, to bear him off to our hospital, the feebleness of a man who had been lying 24 hours in the rain, with his jaw shattered and his throat torn apart with a Minie bullet ball, asserted anew the supremacy of the nervous sensibility over the spirit. Feeble groans—the groans of a dying girl—gurgled through the blood which filled the gentle soldier's mouth and protested against pain. Abandoned wounded in forts, in corn-fields, in churches, in court-houses, in record-offices, in colleges, in hospitals! What of the abandoned dead? They strewed the woods—they strengthened with their weight the lines of the rail fences—they spotted white the fields of growing wheat—before the line of our musketry fire they paved the earth—they were thick in the forts—thicker on the edge of the timbered positions where our shell and grape smote them from afar, and would alone have discouraged their bayonet charges if numbers had not justified them, and the lines of battle required them. The poor corpses of the poor fellows—who can hate the dead foe that in worn, and cheap, and comfortable, and ill-fashioned, and rudely patched and dirty clothing, appeal to you through the poverty of the poor and that helplessness of the ignorant, which all over the globe is feared and respected by the generous—were lying everywhere under the feet of the advancing regiments. The sun of Tuesday went down on the unfinished work of our burial parties. The labor of interment begins again this morning. The whole day will scarcely suffice for it."

The splendid bayonet charge of Gen. Hancock on the right of the line of earthworks, thirteen in number, on which the rebels had relied to check and hurl back the pursuit of the National army, was a feature of the great day before Williamsburg. The task of covering the retreat, which Hooker's successes had rendered necessary, was not confided to raw conscripts, but to the flower of the rebel army. And when Hancock suddenly appeared on the right, and opened with his artillery on the rebel works, a powerful column of the enemy was detached to drive him back and save the rebel flank. The result is told by a correspondent of the *World*. The time is in the afternoon, and the National forces are wet, covered with mud and hungry, after a forced march through swamp and forest in a drenching rain:

"In five minutes our guns were playing, some on the great fort, at 600 yards distance; the rest on the woods to the north, through which the rebels were retreating on their main body. General Hancock placed his infantry in battle order at various portions of the field. Just then the clouds broke away a little in the west, and a flood of light came in upon the whole panorama. Nothing could be more beautiful and inspiring, if only the thought of its dread meaning had been absent. The

deserted rebel forts surrounded with our colors; Hancock's infantry awaiting orders in battle line; a signal officer waving to the centre his flag-signals from the parapet of work No. 3; the long fire-belching, smoke-canopied curve of Fort Page in the distance; still further beyond, white flashes and huge clouds of smoke appearing from Hooker's batteries on the left, of whose desperate contest the stunning roll of musketry and roar of cannon gave true token—all these combined in such a broad and fascinating battle-picture as it had never previously been any chance to see.

"Hancock's artillery fired with precision and rapidity for an hour, the fort answering gun for gun. But the rebel infantry seemed to have their hands full managing Hooker, and so our own, it not yet being practicable to storm the fort, found little to do, and stood under fire of the artillery with small loss, awaiting their share in the business. It was not long coming, and it came in the shape which more than one observer had feared from the outside. It was preceded at 4 o'clock by one of those dead, ominous half-hour pauses which so often make the decisive turn of an engagement. Both sides ceased their fire on the right, and few echoes came to us on the left. Many thought the enemy used up and retreating. Others, who have had occasion to dread such still and awful lapses from the bloody work of a field day, prognosticated an unknown danger impending close at hand, suddenly.

"There burst from the woods on our right flank a battalion of rebel cavalry! There, to the right and left of the horse, three regiments of infantry supporting it!

"A terrible moment; 4,000 infantry marching in at the same period of the battle turned and routed over 15,000 at Bull Run. But a year has passed since then. Yankees have learned how and when to fight.

"Gen. Hancock was equal to the crisis. Forming his infantry in a minute against this sudden attack, he held them in magnificent order, while the rebel foot and horse came on, cheering, firing and charging in gallant and imposing style. Our artillery wheeled and poured hot volleys into them as they came, and over 5,000 muskets riddled them through and through. But they kept on—nearer—nearer—closing up, and cheering, and sure of their power to sweep us before them.

"Thus, swifter than I can write it, until their line, now broken and irregular, was passing within 200 yards of our own unwavering columns. Then Hancock showed himself the coolest and bravest of the brave. Taking off his hat, and using the choicest prefix of the olden time, he said: 'Ready, now! Gentlemen, charge!' Our whole line swept forward, as the reaper's sickle goes through the corn. Its keen edge had not yet touched the enemy, when the latter broke simultaneously, fled in confusion to the rear of its stronghold, and the field of Williamsburg was won."

These are serious reflections on the conduct of several commanders, who either excused themselves from coming to the relief of Gen. Heintzelman, or came so slowly as to be "too late," and whose names may come to have an unhappy notoriety. Gen. McClellan himself, the only man authorized to command Generals, punctilious on the score of rank and precedent, did not arrive near the field until late in the day. His presence five hours earlier might have converted a dearly-bought into a decisive victory. Napoleons of the old school were always at the front!

The Great Naval Fight at the Mouth of the Mississippi.

The proportions of the grand naval fight at the mouth of the Mississippi river, whereby the rebel defences of New Orleans were destroyed and that great metropolis of the South brought again under the Federal authority, swell with every new report and additional development. There is nothing lacking to give majesty, as well as picturesque effect, and dramatic interest to the spectacle of the National fleet, in the dim hours of the dawn, sailing into the very "jaws of hell"—between powerful forts belching shot from nearly 200 guns, in the face of chains and sunken obstructions, behind which lay a powerful iron-cased fleet, of unknown strength, and combining all the appliances of defence and capacities of aggression devised by modern ingenuity and skill—we say there is nothing wanting to the moral grandeur and the physical majesty of the spectacle on which the sun rose, at the mouth of the Mississippi river, on the memorable 24th of April, 1862! What, compared with this, was the elaborate attack of the Spaniards on Gibraltar, the flight of Trafalgar, or the treacherous surprise of Copenhagen? The fire of Fort Jackson singly would have sent the Spanish flotilla to the bottom in half an hour, and Hollins's ram alone, which Com. Porter vainly endeavored to secure as a monstrous curiosity, would have proved more than a match for Nelson's fleet and that of the French combined!

With their masts and spars covered with evergreens, their sides daubed with the slime of the banks of the river, so as to present the least definable mark for the rebel artillerists, and with a mail of chain cables festooned over their sides, the vessels of the National squadron sail boldly past the volcanic forts—forts on both sides of them, gunboats, iron-cased batteries and monster rams in front, while the friendly mortar boats seam the sky with their shells, which descend on the foe in a fiery storm, such as that which was rained on the deserted Cities of the Plain, or as if an Etna had suddenly burst from the bed of the mighty river of the South-West, scattering its gouts of molten lava far and wide.

"'Twere worth ten years of common life," one glance at the stern array of the National fleet in this great and defiant assault on a powerful and superior enemy. History will exhaust its cautious rhetoric, and verge on extravagance, when it comes to record the exploits of the Varuna, running, as its commander tells us, into a very "nest" of rebel gunboats and batteries, disdaining to avoid their shock, and delivering its fatal broadsides with such effect as to send them ablaze and sinking, helpless drifting hulks, to the right and left, and finally going down herself, firing her last guns even after the water had invaded her decks—defiant, terrible and death-dealing in the very pang of her dissolution!

Painter could not wish a subject more comprehensive and effective for his pencil, and if the genius for historical painting be latent in this country, surely the great naval fight at the mouth of the Mississippi must inspire and elicit it.

We have published, in another connection, Capt. Porter's report of the passage of the fleet past the forts, and we now subjoin his account of the surrender of the forts themselves, together with Capt. Boggs's report of the part taken by the Varuna in the naval action:

The Surrender of the Forts.

U. S. SHIP HARRIET LANE, April 29, 1862.

SIR—The morning after the ships passed the forts I sent a demand to Col. Higgins for a surrender of the forts, which was declined. On the 27th I sent Lieut.-Col. Higgins a communication, herewith enclosed, asking again for the surrender. His answer is enclosed. On the 28th I received a communication from him stating that he would surrender the forts, and I came up and took possession, drew up articles of capitulation and hoisted the American flag over the forts.

These men have defended these forts with a bravery worthy of a better cause. I treated them with all the consideration that circumstances would admit.

The three steamers remaining were under the command of Commander J. K. Mitchell. The officers of the fort acknowledged no connection with them, and wished in no way to be considered responsible for their acts.

While I had a flag of truce up they were employed in towing the iron floating battery of 16 guns, a most formidable affair, to a place above the forts, and while drawing up the articles of capitulation in the

cabin of the Harriet Lane it was reported to me they had set fire to the battery and turned it adrift upon us. I asked the General if it had powder on board or guns loaded; he replied that he would not undertake to say what the navy officers would do.

He seemed to have great contempt for them. I told him "we could stand the fire and blow up, if he could," and went on with the conference, after directing the officers to look out for their ships. While drifting down on us the guns getting heated exploded, throwing the shot above the river. A few minutes after the floating battery exploded with a terrific noise, throwing the fragments all over the river, and wounding one of their own men in Fort St. Philip, and immediately disappeared under water. Had she blown up near the vessels she would have destroyed the whole of them.

When I had finished taking possession of the fort I got under way in the Harriet Lane, and started for the steamers, one of which was still flying the Confederate flag. I fired a shot over her, and they surrendered. There was on board of them a number of naval officers and two companies of marine artillery.

I made them surrender unconditionally, and for their infamous conduct in trying to blow us up while under a flag of truce I conveyed them to close confinement as prisoners of war, and think they should be sent to the North and kept in close confinement there until the war is over, or they should be tried for their infamous conduct. I have a great deal to do here, and will send you all the papers when I am able to arrange them.

I turned over the forts to Gen. Phelps. Fort Jackson is a perfect ruin. I am told that over 1,800 shells fell in and burst over the centre of the fort. The practice was beautiful. The next fort we go to we will settle sooner, as this has been hard to get at. The naval officers sunk one gunboat while the capitulation was going on, but I have one of the others, a steamer, at work, and hope soon to have the other.

I find that we are to be the "hewers of wood and drawers of water," but as the soldiers have nothing here in the shape of motive power we will do all we can. I should have demanded unconditional surrender, but with such a force in your rear it was desirable to get possession of these forts as soon as possible. The officers turned over everything in good order, except the walls and building, which are terribly shattered by the mortars.

Very respectfully,

D. D. PORTER, Commanding Flotilla.

To Flag Officer D. G. FARRAGUT.

Capt. Boggs's Official Report.

UNITED STATES STEAMER BROOKLYN, OFF NEW ORLEANS, April 29, 1862.

SIR—I have the honor to report that, after passing the batteries with the steamer Varuna under my command, on the morning of the 24th, finding my vessel amid a nest of rebel steamers I started ahead, delivering her fire both starboard and port at every one that she passed. The first on her starboard beam that received her fire appeared to be crowded with troops. Her boiler was exploded and she drifted to shore. In like manner three other vessels, and one of them a gunboat, were driven ashore in flames and afterwards blew up.

At 6 A.M. the Varuna was attacked by the Morgan, iron-clad about the bow, commanded by Beverley Kennon, an ex-naval officer. This vessel raked us along the port gangway, killing four and wounding nine of the crew, butting the Varuna on the quarter and again on the starboard side. I managed to get three eight-inch shells into her abaft her armor, as also several shot from the eight-inch gun, when she dropped out of action partially disabled.

While still engaged with her another rebel steamer, iron-clad, with a prow under water, struck us on the port gangway, doing considerable damage. Our shot glanced from her bow. She backed off for another blow, and struck again in the same place, crushing in the side, but by going ahead fast the concussion drew her bow around, and I was able with the port guns to give her, while close alongside, five eight-inch shells abaft her armor. This settled her, and drove her ashore in flames. Finding the Varuna sinking, I ran her into the bank, let go her anchor, and tied up to the trees.

During all this time the guns were actively at work, crippling the Morgan, which was making feeble efforts to get up steam.

The fire was kept up until the water was over the gun-trucks, when I turned my attention to getting the wounded and crew out of the vessel. The Onondaga, Capt. Lee, seeing the condition of the Varuna, had rushed to her assistance, but I waved her on, and the Morgan surrendered to her, the vessel in flames.

I have since learned that over 50 of her crew were killed and wounded, and she was set on fire by her commander, who burned his wounded with his shell. I cannot award too much praise to the officers and crew of the Varuna for the noble manner in which they supported me, and their coolness under such exciting circumstances, particularly when extinguishing fire, having been set on fire twice during the action by shells.

In 15 minutes from the time the Varuna was struck she was on the bottom, with only her topgallant forecastle out of water. The officers and crew lost everything they possessed, no one thinking of leaving his station until driven thence by water. I trust the attention of the department will be called to their loss, and compensation made to those who had lost their all.

The crew were taken off by the different vessels of the fleet as fast as they arrived, and are now distributed through the squadron.

The wounded have been sent to the Pensacola. I would particularly commend to the notice of the department Oscar Peck, second-class boy, and powder-boy of the after-rifle, whose coolness and intrepidity attracted the attention of all hands. A fit reward for such services would be an appointment to the Naval School. The marines, although new recruits, more than maintained the reputation of their corps.

Their gallant fire cleared the Morgan's rifled gun, and prevented a repetition of her murderous fire. Four of the marines were wounded—one, I fear, mortally. So soon as the crew were saved I reported to you in person, and within an hour left in the only remaining boat belonging to the Varuna, with your dispatches for Gen. Butler, returning with him yesterday afternoon.

Very respectfully,

CHARLES BOGGS,

Commander, United States Navy.

To Flag Officer D. G. Farragut, Commanding Western Gulf Blockading Squadron.

Gen. Heintzelman.

This gallant officer was the Marshal Ney of the Williamsburg fight, and his tenacity and bravery gained that important victory, which not only avenged Bull Run, but smote the rebel heart with a discouragement which has made the march to Richmond comparatively easy. Eight thousand of his men, confronted by 15 earthworks, mounting heavy guns, fought for a whole day against overwhelming odds, without food or relief. They had passed the previous night in the forest, in a drenching rain. Still they resisted the storm of the rebel forts, and repelled the desperate charges of the flower of the rebel army with still more desperate determination. But there is a limit to human endurance, and Heintzelman sent frequent and urgent messages to the rear for reinforcements. By-and-bye they came—gallant Gen. Berry, of the stout State of Maine, in the van, wading through mud and rain at such speed that he overtook and passed three other brigades—slow-coach Gen. Birney's among them. He finally came in sight of Hooker's exhausted and famished men. Then, says the *Tribune* correspondent,

"Heintzelman shouted with gratitude. He ran to the nearest band and ordered it to meet the coming regiments with 'Yankee Doodle,' and to give them marching time into the field with the 'Star-Spangled Banner.' A wild 'hurrah' went up from the army, and with a yell that was electric three regiments of Berry's brigade went to the front, formed a line nearly half a mile long, and commenced a volley firing that no troops on earth could stand before—then at the double quick dashed with the bayonet at the rebel army, and sent them flying from the field into their earthworks, pursued them into the largest of them, and drove them out behind with the pure steel, and then invited them to retake it. The attempt was repeatedly made, and repeatedly repulsed. The count of the rebel dead at that battery at the close of the fight was 63. They were principally Michigan men who did this work. The equilibrium of the battle was restored."

Our Finances.

At the breaking out of the war John Bull buttoned up his pockets, and finally assured us that there was no use in going to him for money "to subdue the South"—he "wouldn't lend a penny; not a penny!" The fussy old fellow didn't wait to be asked, but, in his conceit and vain-glory, imagined himself to be the financial arbiter in the struggle. He was mightily vexed, as the war went on, because no notice was taken of his money-bags, and because of the unpleasant discovery that the United States was as independent of him in matters of cash as in other respects. And then he began to sneer at our "financial expedients," and was positively jovial over the prospect of our being

obliged to give up the war and succumb to Secession, from the sheer impossibility to raise money. Well, we have had a year and more of war, have kept in the field the largest army of modern times, built up a powerful navy, and suffered all the depletions of corrupt officials and contract-mongers, and yet our Government securities are not only above par, but command a price varying from 10 to 40 per cent. above those of any European nation, Great Britain not excepted! Asinine John! How long will it take thee to comprehend that the United States is no longer amenable to your control in any respect whatever?

In Philadelphia, during the past week, over \$1,000,000 of 7 3-10th bonds were exchanged for gold, at a premium. In Boston large sales of the first issue of demand notes are made daily at 1 per cent. premium. In this city the various kinds of Government securities range from 100 to 104, and are in great demand. The exchanges at the Bank Clearing House, for the week ending the 10th, were \$181,113,536, the largest amount of any week since November, 1857. The bank deposits increased \$19,000,000 during the week. Even in Nashville, where there is still a considerable "secessh" element, there is but half of one per cent difference between gold and Treasury notes. Here is a full charge for Mr. Bull's pipe!

CHARITY AND OPERA.

THE hospitable family mansion of Dr. Ward was thrown open one evening last week to a select but brilliant and fashionable audience, congregated there for purposes of charity. The occasion was one of great interest, it being for the benefit of the noblest charity ever instituted—"The Women's Hospital." Every generous sympathy is enlisted in that cause, and the labors of Dr. Simms and the lady managers will ever redound to their honor, and remain, we trust, for all time, a memorial of their public spirit and enlarged humanity.

In aid of this good cause, Dr. Ward not only threw open his mansion to his friends, but further assisted the cause by permitting the opera of "Flora; or, the Gipsy's Frolic," to be performed in the beautiful little opera saloon which he has erected in the rear of his house. Dr. Ward is the author of the libretto and of the music also, and has established for himself an enviable reputation, both literary and musical. The story is simple in its character, the plot interesting, and the dialogue well sustained and pleasantly humorous. The music is a remarkable production for an amateur. The concerted pieces are well conceived, carefully written and effective, while the ballads and arias are full of melody and well constructed. The orchestration is also really excellent, and gives evidence of an amount of study but rarely met with outside of professional circles. The whole work does infinite credit to the taste and artistic skill of the author and composer.

The opera was sustained by ladies and gentlemen, all amateurs, assisted by a select professional orchestra. The vocal performance was one of high merit throughout, the ladies especially were really admirable. It is a rare thing to find in one circle three amateur prima donnas capable of sustaining the principal roles of an opera, but they were found on this occasion, and acquitted themselves to the delight of every one present. The three male parts were ably sustained, that admirable amateur artist, Mr. V.—t, proving that excellence is not confined to those who follow art as a profession. Chorus, orchestra and all, come in justly for a share of our praise, which we most gladly accord to them.

We are pleased to learn that the elegant entertainment was not only a success *per se*, but a charitable success, and that the funds of the Women's Hospital will benefit largely thereby.

The mansion in which this entertainment was given is something new in the way of architectural design. It has no back rooms, the house being 100 feet front and 36 feet deep, with an extension running the whole length, and 35 feet in depth, forming a picture-gallery and concert hall. A splendid portico runs the whole front of the house, terminating at either end with a projecting conservatory—one heated for tropical flowers, the other for plants requiring a more moderate temperature. As you enter the hall, the doors of which are panelled with exquisite designs in metal from facsimiles taken from the tomb of Charles V., you look directly through the main entrance to the picture gallery. The door to the right opens into the library, from which, through another door, we reach the dining-room, the dimensions of which, including the conservatory, are 22 by 35 feet. On the left of the entry is the family parlor, opening into the drawing-room, decorated in the *renaissance* style of art, which in elaborate finish and artistic beauty we have never seen excelled. It is gorgeous beyond description, but displays, at the same time, the most unimpeachable taste. The main design is in superbly carved oak, ebony and gold, in combination with fresco work—the oak work by Mr. Herter, the frescoing by Theodore Hellwig. All these saloons open upon the picture gallery, which, by-the-by, contains some rare gems of art, so that each has a separate entrance. It is everywhere light, cheerful, and above all, pleasant and homelike. To describe the decorations, furniture, articles of vertu, gems of painting and sculpture, would exhaust a page or two of our paper, which we cannot afford, but we will say that we have rarely seen so happy a combination of ample space, richness, elegance, comfort and perfect taste in any private mansion.

The upper floors present the same characteristics of the utmost elegance, commodiousness and convenience. The basement floor contains bowling-alley, billiard-room, gymnasium, wine-rooms, servants' hall, kitchen, and a dozen other necessities, all light, airy and commodious. The system of ventilation is pronounced by competent judges to be perfect, and we confess that our critical examination resulted in finding that nothing was wanting, and the belief that nothg could be improved. All the laundry operations are performed on the upper floor, an improvement which able housekeepers will appreciate and approve.

The whole was designed by Dr. Ward himself; it was a study of years with him; every point was long considered before decided upon. He knew that his experiment would be closely criticised, and he determined that he would be prepared to meet all objections. The result has been in our opinion, a decided success. He has worked out an original design, and has produced the most perfect ideal of a house that we have ever seen. To work out his ideas and details, he employed Wm. T. Boer, as architect, Alderman Webb as builder, and John Downing as carpenter, and we can only say that they have most ably and faithfully carried out his instructions.

REVENUE.—The revenues from customs for this year bid fair greatly to exceed Mr. Chase's estimates. The receipts for March, in this city alone, were upwards of \$4,500,000; and for April more than \$4,000,000. The receipts from bonded goods in April were nearly \$2,000,000, a larger sum than that received during any month for many years, with one exception (July, 1857). The receipts of this department have not fallen below \$1,000,000 in any month since last November, although the average monthly receipts of other years were only \$400,000 or \$500,000. The receipts (from bonded goods) for April 1861 and 1862 compare as follows:

1861	\$381,199 73
1862	1,928,795 19

ARIZONA.—The House of Representatives has passed a bill organizing the Territory of Arizona. It provides for the usual offices of Governor, Secretary of State, Judiciary, etc., as in other Territories. The following important section is added:

"There shall neither be slavery nor involuntary servitude in the said Territory, except in case of punishment for crime, whereof the person shall be duly convicted; and from and after the passage of this act slavery or involuntary servitude is hereby forever prohibited in all the Territories now organized; and all acts, either of Congress or of the Territory establishing, or any one recognizing such relation, are repealed."

GEN. McCLELLAN.—In the House of Representatives, May 9th, Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, offered resolutions, giving thanks to Almighty God for the recent successes of our arms against the rebels, expressing special satisfaction at the great triumphs of the Army of the Potomac, and tendering the sincere thanks of the House to Gen. McClellan for the display of these high military qualities which secure important results with but little sacrifice of human life. The resolutions were adopted.

OUR BRIGADIER-GENERALS.—The latest count shows that there are now 166 Brigadier-Generals, and that 26 in addition await Senatorial action.

THE Chickahominy river, across which the rebel army has just been obliged to retreat, rises in Hanover county, Va., and falls into James river, about eight miles above Jamestown, which is situated 5 miles E. S. E. from Richmond. It runs nearly south, dividing Henrico and Charles City counties on the right from Hanover, New Kent and James City counties on the left. The stream furnishes extensive water power.

Jackson. Cayuga. Kan. Panama. Mississippi. Rebel Boat. Rebel Post. Yuma. Omaha.
 THE GREAT NAVAL BATTLE ON THE MISSISSIPPI—PASSAGE OF THE 2ND DIVISION OF THE NATIONAL SQUADRON PAST FORT PHILIP, APRIL 24.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. W. W. WARD, ON BOARD THE MISSISSIPPI.



THE WAR IN THE MISSISSIPPI—THE NATIONAL FLEET, FLAG-OFFICER FARRAGUT, COMING TO ANCHOR BEFORE NEW ORLEANS.



Rebel Steamers.

Fire Ball.

Cappah, Fort Jackson.

Mississippi.

Fort St. Philip.

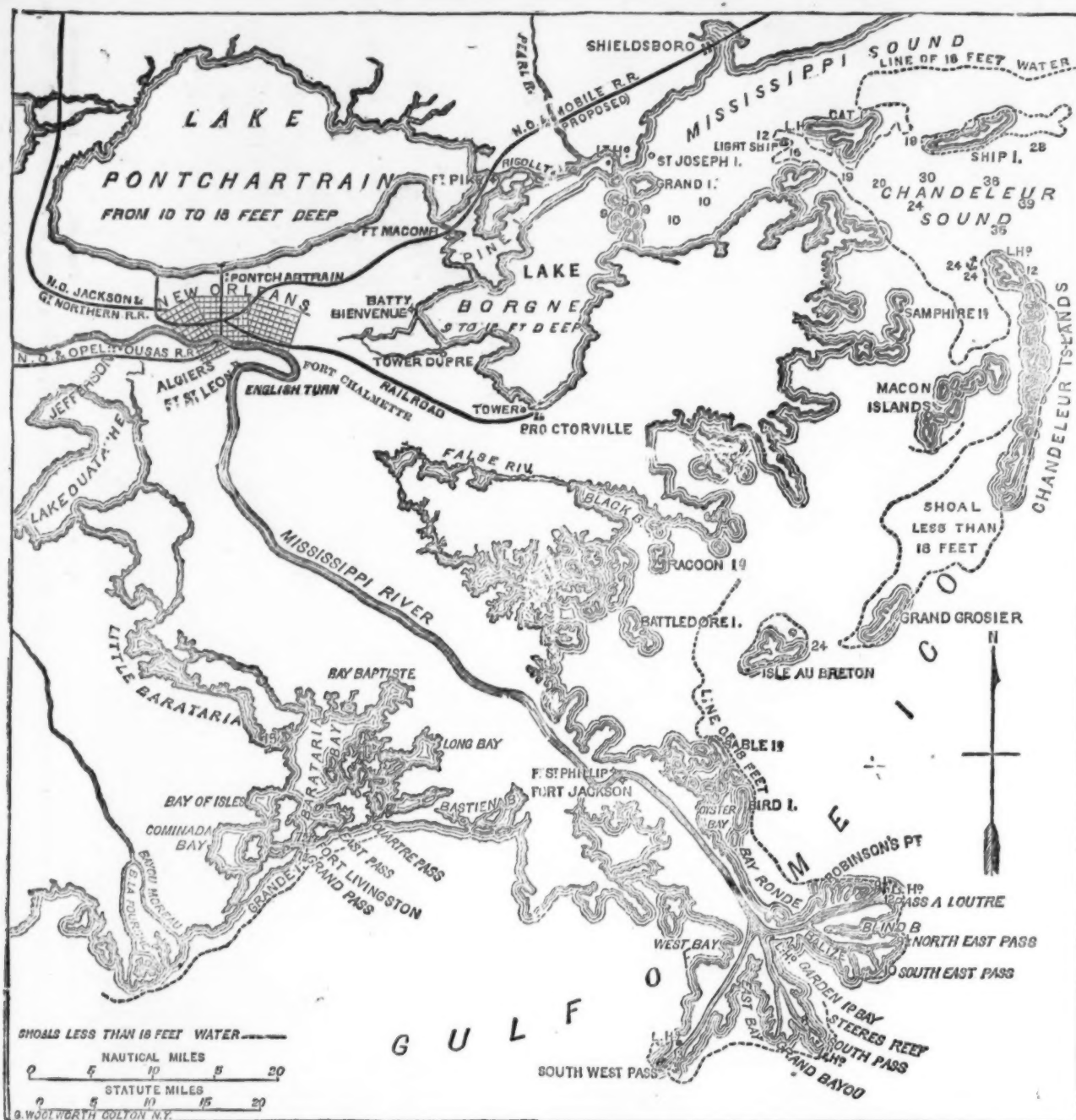
Westfield, Harriet Lane, Kinco.

Iroquois, Onondaga, Cayuga.

Panacola.

Bomb Schooners.

THE WAR IN THE SOUTH—FIRST DAY'S BOMBARDMENT—THE NATIONAL SCHOONERS OFF FORTS JACKSON AND ST. PHILIP, COMMANDING THE PASSAGE OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. W. W. WADE.



MAP OF NEW ORLEANS, THE DELTA, SHIP ISLAND AND THEIR SURROUNDINGS, WITH FORTS JACKSON, ST. PHILIP, ST. LEON, DUPRE, PROCTOR, MACOMB, PIKE, ETC., CAPTURED BY THE NATIONAL FORCES, APRIL 24TH, UNDER COMMAND OF COM. FARRAGUT AND GEN. BUTLER.

THE SURRENDER OF NEW ORLEANS.

In our last paper we gave the preliminary proceedings of the Expedition against New Orleans. We now epitomize the active operations which resulted in the complete triumph of the National Cause.

Our offensive force consisted of six sloops of war, 16 gunboats and 21 mortar vessels. These were accompanied by a large number of storeships, tenders, etc. On the 18th of April they anchored three miles below Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and prepared for active operations. Capt. Porter, commanding the mortar flotilla, wishing to ascertain their range before his actual attack, stationed the Arietta, John Griffiths and Orvetta about two and a-half miles from the forts. The Arietta fired the first shot, to which Fort Jackson replied. The rebel shots fell short more than 50 yards every time, while the effect of our shells on the Fort was such that after two explosions the enemy retired from their barbette guns, and afterwards only used those in the casemates.

Our vessels were arranged in parallel lines. On the outside were the frigates and gunboats, and inside, literally moored to the stumps and trees on the margin of the stream, were the mortar vessels, precisely after the fashion adopted by Com. Foote at Island No. 10.

The Anchorage.

That part of the river where the Union fleet was anchored has an average width of about five-eighths of a mile, and the velocity of the current is about four miles an hour. Commencing near the forts, and extending eight miles below them, on the west or left bank of the stream ascending is a dense strip of forest about 50 yards wide, excepting for a short space of nearly 500 yards in length, where the river makes a bend in its course—this had been cleared away by the enemy in order to get a clearer range upon our vessels. Beyond this fringe of woods the land disappears in an impenetrable swamp. On the eastern side there are no trees, but a mere dead level of marsh.

An Ingenious Device.

In order to diminish the rebel chances of hitting our mortar-boats, the masts were dressed with evergreens. Eighteen of our grim vessels of war were thus converted into shady bowers—a tree lashed to each mast-head, interlacing its branches with the rigging, jutting out into queer-looking arbors! Three of the mortar-vessels being stationed on the east bank to operate against St. Philip, a different "disguise" was adopted, since to dress them up arborially would be only to render them the more conspicuous. The sides of these vessels were therefore covered with a shaggy wall of aquatic growth, and really looked like a continuation of the marsh. Anything more characteristic of Yankee invention was never beheld. Truly had the lion used the fox's hide as well as its own more majestic skin!

The First Fire-Raft.

Early in the morning of the 19th the rebels sent a large flatboat, filled with cords of pinewood blazing like Etna, down the stream, but no damage was done as she grounded and burnt down to the water's edge.

On Wednesday, the 23rd April, at three o'clock in the morning, the greater part of Commodore Farragut's squadron passed the forts through one of the most terrific fires ever known. It consisted of five sloops-of-war and nine gunboats. The mortar flotilla and eight war steamers remained below, thus putting the forts between two fires, and cutting off all communication with New Orleans.

The Bombardment of the Forts and Advance to New Orleans.

Our space will not allow us to give the details of the bombardment, which lasted six days, commencing on Friday, the 18th April, and practically closing on the 24th, when Flag-officer Farragut passed up with his fleet, Capt. Bailey, in the Cayuga, leading.

FIRST DIVISION.—Capt. Bailey, commanding: Cayuga, Pensacola, Mississippi, Onida, Varuna, Katahdin, Kineo, Wissahickon, Portsmouth; towed by J. P. Jackson.

SECOND DIVISION.—Flag-officer Farragut, commanding: Hartford, Brooklyn, Richmond.

THIRD DIVISION.—Capt. Bell, commanding: Scioto, Iroquois, Pinola, Itasca, Winona, Kennebec.

On Friday, April 25, at 22 minutes past one, this magnificent fleet brought up before the renowned city of New Orleans in battle array. A flag of truce was immediately dispatched by Flag-officer Farragut, demanding an immediate and unconditional surrender. Our readers will find the correspondence between the Flag-officer and the rebel Mayor Monroe in our last number. On their way up to New Orleans the National fleet bombarded the Chalmette battery, situated about three miles below the city, which, after 25 minutes' firing, the rebels abandoned.

Surrender of the Forts.

In the meantime General Butler, who had anchored with his forces in Chandeleur Bay, landed a portion of them on the strip of land on which Fort St. Philip is built, and thus entirely cut it off from all communication. The result was that when Captain Porter, who had been left by Flag-officer Farragut with the mortar fleet below the forts, summoned General Duncan to surrender, that officer, seeing that further contest was useless, surrendered unconditionally, on Monday, the 28th April. There were found about 700 men in each fort.

The Enemy's Losses.

In addition to the loss of their forts, Jackson, St. Philip, Pike, Chalmette, etc., 18 of their gunboats were destroyed, three iron rams, several floating batteries, booms, torpedoes, etc. The famous Hollins' ram, Manassas, was riddled and floating down a disabled hulk, it was destroyed by Porter's mortar fleet. On the 26th, a couple of heavy field works, situated about nine miles above New Orleans, were taken possession of by the Federals, the enemy burning the new ram, the Mississippi, mounting 20 guns, to prevent her falling into our hands. The Anglo-Norman, another ram, was also destroyed, though whether by the rebels or by the fire of our vessels is not stated. The floating battery which lay at Algiers, opposite New Orleans, was sunk on the same day. The floating battery Louisiana

was blown up subsequent to the capitulation. In the afternoon Forts Livingston and Pike were abandoned, and thus was completed the capture of every point of defence commanding the approaches to the once haughty and defiant Queen City of the South.

Desperate Naval Engagement.

New Orleans has furnished an exploit of similar heroism to that of Hampton Roads. Henceforth in American naval history the Cumberland and the Varuna will be associated in renown. As the Roman poets would say, "Let a white mark distinguish the 8th of March and the 26th of April." The correspondent of the New York Herald thus describes the scene our special artist, Mr. Wand, has so graphically sketched:

"Captain Boggs of the Varuna, finding that a steamer (name unknown), was about to run into him, put the vessel in such a position that in being damaged he could repay it with interest. On came a large steamer all clad with iron about the bow, and hit the Varuna in the port waist, cutting and crushing in her side. She dropped alongside and cleared out to butt again. She hit the Varuna a second time, and while in a sinking condition the Varuna poured her eight-inch shells into her so fast that the rebel was set on fire and driven on shore.

"No sooner had the Varuna cleared herself of this assailant, and while endeavoring to reach the river bank, than the steamer Governor Moore (formerly the Morgan) commanded by Lieutenant Beverly Kennon, came along in a crippled condition, and endeavored to run away up the river. The Onida gave chase, and she surrendered to her. She was then found to be on fire, and before the flames could be subdued was burned up.

"The Varuna's exploits rank among the brightest of those of the engagement. She fought her guns until a portion of the gun-carriages were submerged in the water. Captain Boggs saved all his wounded, but his dead went down with the vessel. The Stars and Stripes were waving from her masthead as she sunk."

The Destruction of Another Ram.

Just before Capt. Bailey reached the levee another ram came floating down the river, wrapped in flames. She was a terrible-looking affair, built to carry eight guns on each side and two at each end—20 in all. In 10 days more and she would have been completed, and I think she would have driven us out of the river, sinking every vessel we had. She resembled the Merrimac somewhat, but I think she would have been more formidable. The enemy attempted to tow her up the river, but finding we were sending vessels to capture her, they set her on fire.

Burning of the Cotton, Shipping, etc.

The New York Herald correspondent says:

"A boat from the ship was along the levee to seize all the steamers for transportation purposes, and in course of conversation people reported that on Thursday night the panic broke out in the city, and all the cotton was brought out and set on fire, and that the mob could be scarcely restrained from firing the public buildings and then the private dwellings. It was a night not equalled by anything even in the French Revolutions.

"A band of desperadoes had charge of affairs, and they were backed by Lovell, who, however, denies it; but he is accountable for the destruction of property, as he set the example by firing his own cotton first. A ram lay alongside of the levee, partially sunk, and her woodwork was on fire. Another ram affair was sunk on the Algiers side of the river. I am unable to obtain the details of the loss by fire to shipping and cotton. It will be weeks before it can be ascertained, and I have a right to suppose that we never will be able to give the full particulars of the wanton destruction of property which has occurred in and around this city during the last two days.

The river was filled with ships on fire, and all along the levee were burning vessels, no less than 18 vessels being on fire at one time, and the enemy were firing others as fast as they could apply the torch. Such vandalism never was heard of. The atmosphere was thick with smoke and the air hot with flames. It was a grand but sad sight. Hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of property was wantonly destroyed. At the levee, just by the Custom House, lay a burning ram (the Anglo-Norman). The unfinished frames of two or three more were on the stocks at Algiers. A terrible rain squall came on, and after dodging around the river for some time we came to anchor. It was then one o'clock A.M."

Description of the Forts.

FORT JACKSON, which is by far the strongest of the two, is a regular pentagonal bastioned fortification, having two fronts bearing on the river and three upon the land. The land fronts have each a glacis and covered way, and the channel is commanded by a battery of 25 guns. A wet ditch, varying in width from 40 to 70 feet, and about six feet deep, surrounds the main work on the river, and another ditch, 150 feet wide and six feet deep, defends the land fronts. Around the channel-bearing battery there is likewise a wet ditch, six feet deep and 30 feet wide. The two fronts looking upon the river have each eight casemate guns, which are the only casemated ones in the work. The ditches are defended by 24-pounder howitzers at either flank. The parapet is carried across the gorge of the bastion, so that there is no flank parapet defences, the bastions being only arranged for musketry fire from the walls.

The main work of the lower battery mounts in the aggregate 125 guns, of which 100 bear on the channel. There was a one-story brick citadel within the fort, having two tiers of loopholes for musketry defence, the walls of which are five feet thick. The entrance to the work is by a wooden bridge on the west side, connected with a draw-bridge 10 feet wide.

Fort St. Philip.

FORT ST. PHILIP consists of a main work and two attached batteries, which bear respectively up and down the river. The principal work is irregular in form, having 17 faces. It is surrounded by a wet ditch, six feet deep and from 20 to 30 feet wide. At the foot of the glacis is a ditch from 70 to

140 feet wide. There is a glacis and covered way entirely round the fort. Outside of the principal ditch is another, which was dug to furnish earth for the levee, and this is 20 feet wide and four feet deep. Fort St. Philip mounts 100 guns, of which 75 bear on the channel. All of the guns are mounted *en barbette*. The scarp works have been strengthened by relief arches, which are pierced with loopholes for musketry.

Both forts are built of brick. The guns of Fort Jackson are 25 feet above the level of the river, and those of St. Philip 19 feet. The guns of the outer batteries of both forts are 14 feet above the river. When the rebels took possession of these forts there were only 36 guns mounted, none of which were of larger calibre than 32-pounders. All the carriages were poor. The plans for completing these forts were stolen from the Custom-house at New Orleans, just after the rebellion broke out, and the works were finished in accordance with the original intention. From centre to centre of the forts the distance is three-quarters of a mile, and the river between them half a mile in width.

Johnson K. Duncan, who commanded these forts, was born at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, in 1827, and received his appointment to West Point in 1845, for Ohio. He graduated in 1849, fourth in his class. He was appointed to the Artillery Corps, and stationed at Eastport, Maine, and afterwards in Texas. He received his commission and accepted a position as Chief of Artillery in Wool's liberating army in Northern Mexico; afterwards he became connected with Major-General G. W. Smith, and General M. Lovell, both now in the rebel service, in General Quitman's filibustering expedition. He was then Smith's clerk in the Marine Hospital, New Orleans, succeeding him when Smith resigned.

In 1858, when New Orleans attempted to reform her municipal affairs by establishing a Vigilance Committee, Duncan was chosen leader of the organization. Subsequently, he was appointed State Engineer of Louisiana, and he held this position up to the time when he accepted his General's commission.

Our Lost Ships.

We have already recorded the loss of the *Varuna* and the *Maria J. Carlton*. The former was a new vessel, mounting 12 32-pounders and two rifled pivot guns. She was built by Westervelt of New York, and was commanded by Commodore J. L. Boggs, of New Jersey, formerly of the steamer *Illinois*. Her crew consisted of 148 men.

The *Maria J. Carlton* was a schooner of 178 tons, built of white oak and chestnut in 1856, in East Haddam, Connecticut. She formerly ran between Boston and New York, and was purchased last fall by the Government and altered into a mortar boat at Secor's shipyard. She was commanded by Captain C. E. Jack, of New York.

Dispatch of Com. Bailey.

FORTRESS MONROE, May 8.

To Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy:
I have the honor to announce that in the providence of God, which smiles upon a just cause, the squadron under Flag-Officer Farragut has been victorious in a glorious victory and triumph in the capture of the city of New Orleans, Forts Jackson, St. Philip, Livingston and Pike, the batteries below and above New Orleans, as well as the total destruction of the enemy's gunboats, steam rams, floating batteries (iron-clad), fire rafts, and obstruction booms and chains. The enemy with their own hands destroyed from eight to ten millions of cotton and shipping. Our loss is 36 killed and 123 wounded. The enemy lost from 1,000 to 1,500, besides several hundred prisoners.

The way is clear and the rebel defences destroyed from the Gulf to Baton Rouge, and probably to Memphis. Our flag waves triumphantly over them all.

I am bearer of dispatches.

THEODORUS BAILEY,

Captain, and second in command of the attacking force, of Gunboat Cayuga.

Com. Porter's Report.

UNITED STATES STEAMER HARRIET LANE,
MISSISSIPPI RIVER, April 25, 1862.

Sir—I have the honor to inform you that Flag-Officer Farragut, with the fleet, passed Forts Jackson and St. Philip on the morning of the 24th, and should be in New Orleans by this time, as he can meet with no obstacles such as he has already passed, the way being comparatively open before him.

We commenced the bombardment of Fort Jackson on the 18th, and continued it without intermission until the squadron made preparations to move. The squadron was formed in three lines to pass the forts, the attack of Fort St. Philip: Cayuga, Pensacola, Mississippi, Onida, Verona, Cataldin, Kinco and Wisconsin; Flag-Officer Farragut leading the following second line, the Hartford, Brooklyn and Richmond; and Commander Bell leading the third division, composed of the following vessels: Selota, Iroquois, Pinola, Winona, Itaska and Kennebec.

The steamers belonging to the mortar flotilla, one of them towing the Portsmouth, were to enfilade the water battery commanding the approaches. The mortar steamers were the Harriet Lane, Westfield, Owasco, Clifton and Marine—the Jackson towing the Portsmouth.

The vessels were rather late in getting under way and into line, and did not get fairly started until half-past three A. M.; and the unusual bustle apprised the garrison that something was going on.

In one hour and ten minutes after the vessels had weighed anchor they had passed the forts, under a most terrific fire, which they returned with interest. The mortar fleet rained down shells on Fort Jackson, to try and keep the men from the guns, while the steamers of the mortar fleet poured in shrapnel upon the water battery commanding the approach at a short distance, keeping them comparatively quiet.

When the last vessel of our fleet could be seen among the fire and smoke to pass the battery, signal was made to the mortars to cease firing, and the flotilla steamers were directed to retire from a contest that would soon become unequal.

It was now daylight, and the fleet having passed along, the forts began to pay their attention to our little squadron of steamers—the Portsmouth, which was being towed up, and three of the gunboats, which failed to pass through. These latter became entangled in some wreck and chains, placed in the river to obstruct it, and which were only partially removed. One of these vessels, Winona, got through as far as Fort St. Philip, but having all the guns bearing on her, she sensibly retired.

The Itaska was fairly riddled, and had a shot through her boiler, and the Kennebec escaped unhurt.

I am disposed to think that our squadron received but little damage, considering the unequal contest—142 guns on board ship opposed to 100 on shore placed in a most commanding position.

For 30 minutes after the ships passed, the forts fired very feebly on the vessels that remained outside; so much so that the Portsmouth was enabled to drop with the current out of gunshot, though the shot fell pretty freely about her at last. I think the fire from the ships must have been very destructive of life. The last we saw of our vessels they were standing up the river. Some explosions took place, which made us feel rather uneasy, but which may have been the rebel gunboats. We could see that our squadron had not destroyed all the enemy's vessels at the fort, for three or four of them were moving about in all directions, evidently in a state of excitement.

Before the fleet got out of sight it was reported to me that the celebrated ram "Manassas" was coming out to attack us; and, sure enough, there she was, apparently steaming along shore, ready to pounce upon the apparently defenceless mortar vessels. Two of our steamers and some of the mortar vessels opened fire on her, but I soon discovered that the *Manassas* could harm no one again, and I ordered the vessels to save their shot. She was beginning to emit smoke from her ports, or holes, and was discovered to be on fire and sinking. Her pipes were all twisted and riddled with shot, and her hull was also well cut up. She had evidently been used up by the squadron as they passed along. I tried to save her as a curiosity, by getting a hawser around her and securing her to the bank, but just as I was doing so she fairly exploded. Her only gun went off, and emitting flames through her bow port, like some huge animal, she gave a plunge and disappeared under the water.

Next came a steamer on fire, which appeared to be a vessel of war belonging to the rebels; and after her two others, all burning and floating down the stream.

Fires seemed to be raging all along up the river, and we supposed that our gunboats were burning and destroying the vessels as they passed along. It appears, however, that the *McRae* and two river-boats, and their celebrated floating battery, brought down the night before, were left unhurt, and were still flying the Confederate flag.

The matter of the floating battery becomes a very serious affair, as they are all hard at work at Fort Jackson, mounting heavy rifled guns on it, which are of no further use to them in the fort. She mounts sixteen guns, is almost as formidable a vessel as the *Merrimack*, perfectly

shot proof, and has four powerful engines in her. I shall at all events take such steps as will prevent her from destroying anything, and we may still hold her in check with the steamers, though they are rather fragile for such a service. This is one of the ill effects of leaving an enemy in the rear. I suppose that the ships fired on her as they passed through, but that her mail resisted the shot. She had steam on this morning, and was moving about quite lively. I tried to put some mortar shells through her roof, but without effect, as she moved off.

The forts are now cut off from all communication with New Orleans, as I presume that Flag-Officer Farragut has cut the wires.

I have sent the *Miami* around with Gen. Butler to the back of Fort St. Philip, to try and throw in troops at the quarantine, five miles along the forts, and at the same time open communication that way with the Flag-Officer and supply him with ammunition. I am also going to send part of the mortar fleet to the back of Fort Jackson, to cut off the escape of the garrison by that way and stop supplies. A deserter, who can be relied on, informs us that they have plenty of provisions for two months, plenty of ammunition and plenty of discomforts.

Our shells got the citadel on fire the first afternoon we opened. It burned fiercely for seven hours, but I thought it a fire-raft behind the fort, as they continually sent them down on us, but without any effect. But few casualties occurred to vessels on this side of the forts. The *Harriet Lane* lost but one man killed, and one, I fear, mortally wounded. The *Winona* lost three killed and three wounded, and the *Itaska*, with 14 shot through her, had but few men hurt. These forts can hold out still for some time, and I would suggest that the *Monitor* and *Mystic*, if they can be spared, be sent here without a moment's delay to settle the question.

The mortar fleet has been very much exposed and under a heavy fire for six days, during which time they kept the shells going without intermission. One of them, the *Maria J. Carlton*, was sunk by a shot passing through her magazine and then through her bottom. The flotilla lost but one man killed and six wounded. The bearing of the officers and men was worthy of the highest praise. They never once flinched during a period of six days; never had an accident to one of the vessels by firing, and, when shell and shot were flying thick above them, showed not the least desire to have the vessels moved to a place of safety. The incidents of the bombardment will be mentioned in my detailed report. I merely write this hurried letter to apprise the department of the state of affairs, and shall send it off at once, *via Havana*. The sight of this night attack was awfully grand. The river was lit up with rafts filled with pine-knots, and the ships seemed to be fighting literally amid flames and smoke. Where we were the fire of the enemy was high and comparatively harmless.

I am in hopes that the ships above fared as well as we did, though amid such a terrific fire. It was gratifying to see that not a ship wavered, but stood steady on her course, and I am in hopes, and I see no reason to doubt it, that they now have possession of New Orleans.

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant.

DAVID D. PORTER, Commanding Flotilla.

THE BATTLE OF WILLIAMSBURG.

The Field of Battle.

The battle of Williamsburg was a battle fought, not for victory, but to give time for the escape of the main body of the retreating army, and it must be admitted, the enemy, while he lost the day, gained his object. Gen. Sumner will doubtless be called upon to explain why he delayed sending reinforcements to Gen. Hooker till they were too late to be of service. We epitomise, from a mass of conflicting reports, the chief events of this fiercely contested field.

Two miles south of Williamsburg stands a farm-house of the better sort, occupied by a man named Adams. Here were the headquarters of Gen. Sumner, Heintzelman, Keyes and their staffs, on the night of Saturday, the 3d May. Early on Sunday morning, the 4th, the enemy's position was reconnoitred. His line of defences consisted of nine forts, four stretching from James river to the Williamsburg turnpike, one totally commanding the approaches to Williamsburg and four between the turnpike and the James river. Half a mile beyond the Adams House, the main and central work of the rebels, Fort Page (by some erroneously called "Fort Magruder") occupied a broad elevation, and was the key to the whole line. But a few hundred yards beyond the house, a dense forest lay, skirting the sides of a "run," and reaching clear in front of the battlefield from end to end. The field itself is an elevated plateau, three or four miles in length, and half a mile broad, a grand open space, partially sown with wheat, and admirably adapted for the conventional panorama, "such as one in pictures sees" of a field engagement. The centre of the fight was of course directly in front of headquarters. North of this field, i. e., just behind the forts, the forest again extended its cover, opening only at the section through which Williamsburg is approached.

Preliminary Marching.

Early in the morning Gen. Sumner, the ranking officer present, assumed command. Our forces in advance consisted of Gen. Smith's and Gen. Hooker's divisions, with some reserves of regular cavalry and artillery. It was with great difficulty that even these troops, not amounting to more than 18,000 men, could place themselves over night in the region fronting the enemy, so closely wooded is the country. Couch and Casey's divisions, stragglingly encamped along the road for miles behind, made up the portion of the army directly following.

At sunrise there was sharp picket firing in the woods between the two armies, with an occasional shell from the enemy's works. After some consultation, it was determined to carry the forts by assaults on the right and left flanks, a feigned attack being made at the same time on the centre. By nine o'clock Hooker was on his march, taking a wide circuit to the left, through the woods, for an attack, first against the enemy's small lunettes on his right wing, and then against the left side of Fort Page.

Our Troops take up Position to open Fire.

After a horrible march through almost impassable roads, Hooker's division reached a point within a mile of James river, crossed College Creek, which flows out of it, and entered the thick forest in front of the enemy's smaller forts. These were the positions occupied by our troops:

Gen. Grover's brigade, 1st, 11th, 16th Massachusetts and 2d New Hampshire, on the left.

Gen. Sickles' brigade, 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th Excelsior, New York, near the centre.

New Jersey brigade, 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th New Jersey, on the right. Here also were Bramhall's and Smith's artillery. These pressed eagerly on to the edge of the woods, and opened upon the enemy, who were completely taken by surprise. The enemy replied from their forts, but did little damage, our troops being well protected by the woods.

By noon our artillery, which took position boldly in the open field, at point-blank range, had prepared the way for a general assault. The smaller works, in fact, were very feebly defended. As soon as our infantry charged, cheering as they went, the rebels, in a panic, retreating from work after work, fell back upon and rallied behind and beside the great central defences of Fort Page. Here was the main portion of the enemy's rear guard, working heavy guns from the fort, and arranging their infantry, cavalry and field artillery in the woods behind and along the open field to the right and left. Hooker's column folded itself up towards the centre, thus far having been successful, and pressed the left attack against Fort Page.

We must not forget to mention that it had been raining all night, and that the men had been marching and fighting up to this moment in a drenching shower.

The Excelsior Brigade, etc.

Meanwhile a desperate fight raged in the woods, and on their edge. The brunt was borne by the Excelsior brigade, and the 70th New York volunteers; all of these suffered

severely, the Excelsior brigade alone losing nearly 500 in killed and wounded. About one o'clock Gen. Peck's brigade arrived, having marched 12 miles from Lee's Mills, through a drenching storm of rain. Gen. Hooker's whole division was sorely pressed, immediately sent them into the van, and for two hours they maintained the conflict, being twice repulsed, but regaining their ground with desperate tenacity. Then the 102d Pennsylvania advanced to the front and delivered their fire and fell back, giving place to the 98th Pennsylvania, which held their ground until the 102d rallied, and the two maintained the position. The 55th New York, De Trobriand's Zouaves, came up on the left and then retired, while the 62d New York held the rebels in check, and the 102d and 98th Pennsylvania delivered a cross-fire. The 55th then formed a new line of battle and advanced to the support of the 62d, and the 93d Pennsylvania came up and opened fire on a battery commanding the road, until the rebels were finally driven back at all points.

Gen. Hancock's Division, and their Doings.

To Gen. Hancock was entrusted a flank movement of considerable importance. His brigade consisted of 5th Wisconsin, 6th Maine, 49th Pennsylvania, 48d New York, with portions of Ayllis's and Mott's batteries, and a New Jersey regiment, making in all about 4,700 men. Hancock was stationed about two miles from where Hooker was engaged, there being between them Fort Page and two smaller forts, at intervals of half-a-mile. Hancock's brigade, after marching for about a mile through a dreadful road, came to Fifty Acre Heath, north to the enemy's extreme left. Here the rebels had dammed a creek, which empties into the York river, and straight across the narrow causeway stood a formidable-looking earthwork. Without staying to reconnoitre, our skirmishers dashed across the dam, climbed the parapet, and in a few minutes the old flag waved full 50 feet above the water mark—the enemy having fled at our approach. With a ringing shout our whole force went over in double-quick, turned to the left, and passing for about 300 yards along a narrow road, suddenly emerged upon the open battlefield. It was a splendid picture. Two miles distant, Hooker was fighting the rebels on the other side of Fort Page. From the latter point the rebel artillery was playing upon his lines. Between us and the fort, as already observed, were two lesser works, at intervals of half-a-mile. Their garrisons quickly retreated at sight of us, and retired on the main force.

It was now one o'clock, and at this minute Gen. Keyes rode up, saying to Gen. Hancock that he did not come to take the command, but to see the boys carry the left. As Hancock's division advanced, it was seen that the rebels had deserted the next earthwork, which was immediately occupied by our men, and the old flag planted. There only remained another small earthwork between us and Fort Page, in front of which were the enemy's skirmishers. Hancock now unlimbered his eight guns, and soon drove them away. In five minutes a heavy fire was opened upon Fort Page, which was about 600 yards distant. At this minute the clouds broke away from the west, and the whole scene was flooded with light. It was a beautiful and yet terrible panorama. There were the deserted rebel forts with our flag flying—Hancock's brigade drawn up in battle array—the fire-belching, smoke-crowned curve of Fort Page—beyond, in the same direction, a mass of white clouds, out of which ever and anon flashed tongues of fire proclaiming death to thousands—then came the stunning roar of cannon, with the sharp-volled and almost continuous rattle of musketry—the whole was a grand carnival of death!

Hancock's artillery fired for more than an hour with rapid precision, Fort Page answering almost gun for gun. About half-past three there seemed to be a pause—but it was the calm before the storm—for at four o'clock there burst from the woods on the right flank a mass of rebel cavalry, while on either side tramped in grim order three splendid rebel regiments. Gen. Hancock formed his infantry to meet them. On came the rebel horse and foot as though they meant to trample our men into dust. They met the fire of our artillery unflinchingly—when one man fell another took his place. As they came closer our infantry poured in their fire—on the foe came, like a grim fate, not to be evaded or annihilated, but to be met and fought. Another shower of death poured from our ranks, but on came the rebel ranks, nearer and nearer, as though sure of their power to crush us.

The Grand Charge.

When they were within 200 yards of our line Gen. Hancock rode up, and taking off his hat, said to our troops, "Ready—now, gentlemen, charge!" On the instant our infantry rushed at the foe—they met—bayonet—desperation—to valor—mad treason to steadfast loyalty—who could doubt the result? The rebels struggled—wavered—and fled. Onward stormed our army, and the field of Williamsburg was won. Since the grand final crash at Waterloo there has been nothing so momentous, so decisive, as this last charge at Williamsburg. The next morning the National army occupied Williamsburg.

The Force of the Enemy.

It is, of course, very difficult to ascertain the force of the enemy, some of the prisoners making it under 20,000 and others nearly 30,000. All that is known for certain is that the following were engaged: the 4th, 5th, 6th and 9th South Carolina regiments, Gen. Anderson's brigade; the 2d, 3d, 7th and 8th Kershaw's brigade; the 1st, 7th, 11th and 17th Virginia, Hill's brigade; the 14th Louisiana, the 14th Alabama, and probably the whole of Wilcox's brigade; the 4th, 6th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th Alabama; the 24th Virginia; the 2d Florida; the 14th and 17th Louisiana, and the 19th Mississippi. The last three regiments were badly cut up. The 19th Mississippi is said to have been 1,500 strong. A portion of these forces formed the division of Gen. Longstreet. Gen. Early and Gen. Raines were also in command, and it is said, Johnston himself. A portion of Latham's battery, celebrated at Manassas, was also in the engagement.

The Cost of the Victory.

A victory like that of Williamsburg, wrested at the point of the bayonet from the flower of the Confederate Army, could not fail to be attended with considerable loss.

It is estimated that the enemy lost, during the engagement, 500 killed, 1,500 wounded, and 500 taken prisoners. Among the killed are two Brigadier-Generals, besides several line officers.

Our loss is severe, and may possibly equal that of the enemy. A large number of our line officers were killed and wounded, and a few of the Excelsior Brigade were taken prisoners.

When Gen. Butler took possession of Baltimore, shortly after the breaking out of the war, the *New Orleans Journal*'s merry at his expense, and declared he was an old colored barber, known as "Fly-sque Butler," who formerly kept a shop under the St. Charles Hotel, in the Crescent City. As Gen. Butler has in all probability "come to town" by this time, he will have a chance to crop the ears of some of his revilers.

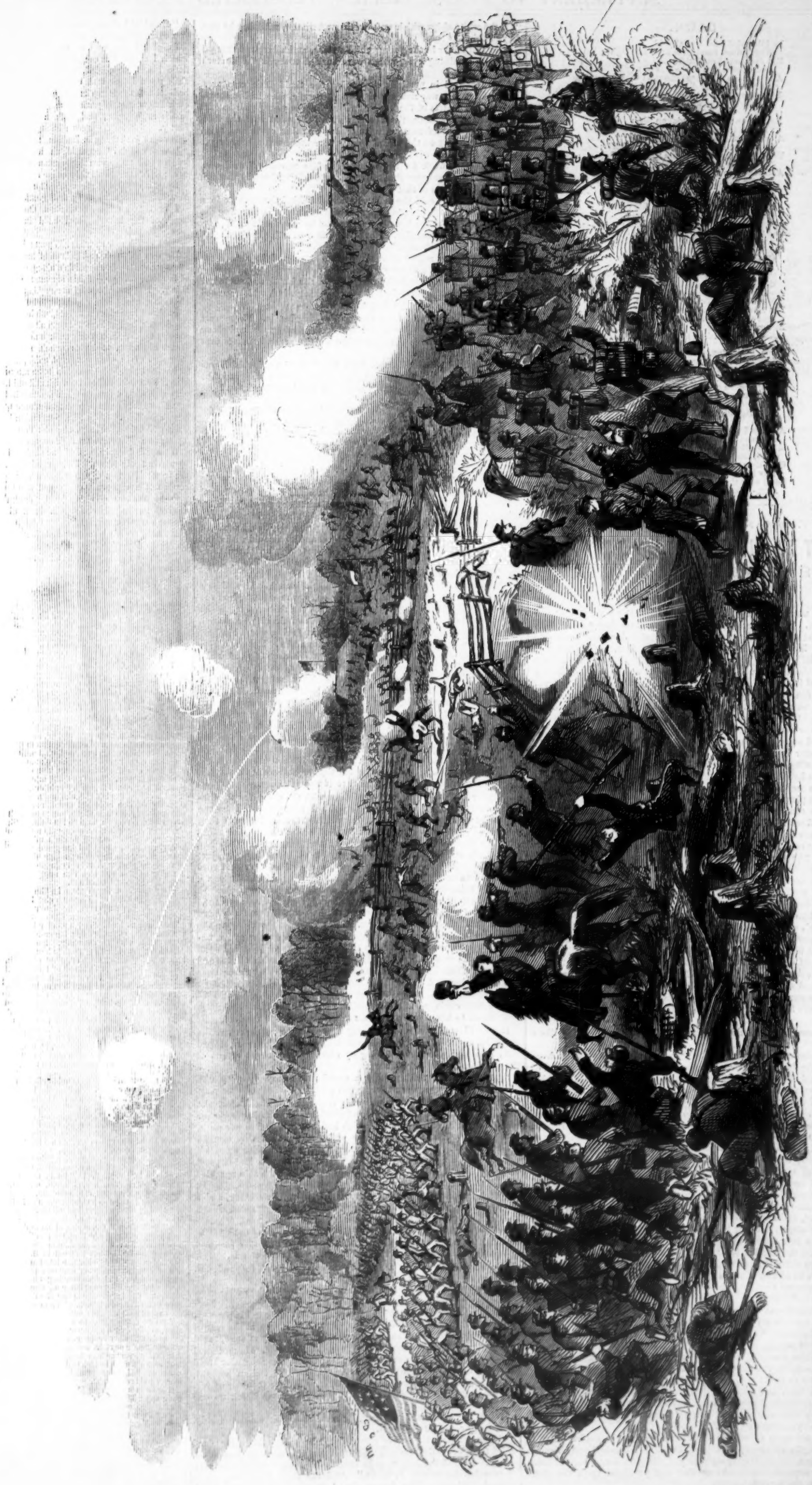


FROM THE WAR IN NORTH CAROLINA—THE NATIONAL NAVAL FLOTTILLA CO-OPERATING WITH THE LAND FORCES IN THE ATTACK ON FORT MACON, APRIL 20.—“HEAVY WEATHER.”—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. H. SUDDELL.





Beaufort. Flagler's Battery four 10-inch Mortars. Fort Macon. Battery of four 8-inch Mortars. THE WAR IN NORTH CAROLINA—THE NATIONAL SIEGE WORKS ON BOQUE ISLAND, ERECTED FOR THE REDUCTION OF FORT MACON.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION, J. H. SHELL.



"ON TO RICHMOND"—GREAT BATTLE OF WILLIAMSBURG, VA., ON THE PENINSULA BETWEEN YORK AND JAMES RIVERS, MAY 6.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH GEN. MCCLELLAN'S ARMY.—SEE PAGE 106.

DAWN.

In idle grief I sat and sighed,
With folded hands, for love and light;
But darkness brooded far and wide,
And silence sealed the lips of night.
And still, as blackness changed to gray,
And star by star died out above,
I wept my foolish heart away,
And feebly sighed for light and love.

But, when the Alchemist on high
Flashed into gold each ruddy streak,
A new-born breeze, careering by,
Leaped up and kissed me on the cheek;
Then came a murmur from the plain,
And music from the waving grove;
And Earth to happy toil again
Awoke with praise for light and love.

"I take it for a sign," I said,
And rose like Lazarus from his grave;
"Leave folded hands unto the dead,
Leave sighing to the galley-slave;
For all the sighs from all the lands,
And all the tears that men can weep,
Could waft no love to folded hands,
Could rain no light on wilful sleep."

"For, never-slumbering, to the morn
Earth's earnest eyes for ever move;
And from her million sons are borne
No idle sighs for light and love.
But labor, labor slays the night,
And speeds the Day-god's chariot-wheels;
Labor, love-given, fathers light,
And light to labor love reveals."

Then, gathering up my newest sighs,
I shaped therefrom a bark of air;
With the last offerings from my eyes
I freighted it, and called it "Prayer."
Its sails were set, its masts were strong,
Well-found in airy bolt and bar;
I watched it as it surged along,
And hid behind the morning star.

And, as I turned with braver tread
Across the barren mountain side,
Methought some whisperer softly said—
"Go, labor thou, what'er betide;
Go, labor thou, and be content!
Thy little bark, like Noah's dove,
Shall seek thee when the day is spent,
Deep-laden, then, with light and love."

[Written for Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.]

THE HALF-SISTERS.

A Story of Metropolitan Life.

CHAPTER XXI.

THERE was a good deal of gong and not much to eat at that seaside resort. There was a gong at six in the morning for the early bathers; at seven, for breakfast—which consisted of bad coffee and laborious inattention; at one, for lunch; at four, for dinner, and another early in the evening for tea. Besides these intermittent clangors, there were vibratory monitions of coming and departing trains, and in addition, I think the instrument was sometimes played upon for fun. The bray of a gong interrupted our colloquy at the boat, and we returned to the house to tea. When we came out it was twilight, and out of the purple belt which girdled the horizon rose one or two pinnacles of cloud with flame upon their edges, which died away anon, and the stars flashed out one after another.

The doctor left us for a little time to pay a visit to his patient, and as the evening chill drew on we retired to the drawing-room, where the guests had improvised quadrilles, and with redundant gestures of heel were executing the same to the music of a dissonant piano, which was played upon by a tall young lady with two immense curls, that were constantly whisking about the keyboard, getting tangled with her fingers and interrupting her otherwise brilliant execution. An hour sped away with feet lighter than those which danced, and the doctor returned. He found me standing in the doorway keeping vigil over two young maidens; there was a perplexed, unquiet expression upon his face as he came and stood beside me, holding his hat in his hand; and after he had looked at the dancers for a few moments and spoken with Nellie and patted his daughter's head, he pulled me by the sleeve and beckoned me to accompany him. I followed him out upon the piazza.

"There's a storm coming, Lu," he said; "look yonder!"

It had grown very dark, and the stars were shrouded; but along the west a mass of vapor had arisen, its base black and solid as the ramparts of old night, and its summit ragged and torn and lit with wild phosphorescent light. The few idlers along the piazza had stopped and were looking out upon it, and a few late strollers upon the beach were hurrying in, admonished by the light puffs of wind—mere sprays from the bosom of the distant tempest which surged inland.

"An hour hence," said the doctor, "the bluff will shiver like a leaf."

Some admonition of the approaching storm seemed anon to have reached the dancers. The music ceased, and there was a sound of the hurried closing of windows. Groups of faces gathered behind the panes; a few of the dancers came out upon the piazza, and a cluster of women filled up the still open door. We had not long to wait. The whole long bank of cloud seemed to be suddenly upheaved and the first roar of the storm swept windward, driving a spray of rain before it, which rattled upon the house like bullets and drenched the piazza in an instant. There was an immediate rush for the hall; the wide folding doors clanged shut and a heavy bar was locked across them. Another blow from the gale and the long low hotel creaked and shivered, and the faces clustered about the hall grew white.

I went into the parlor and found Nellie and Lily clinging fast to each other, and a little black monkey of a negro servant lying coiled up on the carpet, her face buried in her hand, squirming like a lizard. I drew the poor little creature into a corner behind the sofa and tried to reassure the terrified children, who with wide open eyes and ashen faces were shivering at the great tumult without.

"Don't be afraid," I said; "there isn't any danger at all. These heavy gales are very frequent here, and the hotels are built to withstand them."

"The ocean was full of ships this afternoon," said Nellie, turning her eyes towards my own, but seeming to be regarding something at a great distance; "I couldn't count them, they were so many. Are they full of people, do you think?"

The doctor came in at this moment. "Tut, tut, tut, frightened? Why, you birds, this is nothing; only a little blow. Come, squeeze my fingers so that I may know you are awake." He put out his little finger to Lily, and after she had given the requisite evidence of wakefulness patted her cheek and called her a bird. "Come, come, put away that scared look, you children. The house won't blow down and you won't be hurt."

It did not seem so certain that the house would not be blown to splinters, for with every wild throb of the gale it creaked and shivered, and riding the stormy symphonies of the gale came several quick rattling reports, which told us that the pavilions upon the shore had been shattered in pieces.

"But the ships," said Nellie, catching at the doctor's sleeve,

"all the white ships which we saw this afternoon, will they be lost, do you think?"

Pain and terror in the young child's voice, and a larger terror yet in the dark shining eyes, which were turned towards the doctor's face.

We succeeded in partially reassuring the timid little creatures. The great parlor was now almost full of people, who had gathered there from all parts of the house, and leaving the young girls in care of a matronly woman, the doctor and myself went into the hall, where a number of men were buttoning on thick coats and tying slouch hats firmly on their heads, and where there was a hurrying to and fro of servants with lanterns.

"There'll be work for the wreckers before morning," said one, muffling a huge wrapper about his neck and talking huskily through several thicknesses of that integument.

"That indeed," said the host who stood behind the counter in a steaming perspiration, induced by his violent efforts in directing the hasty closing-up of the house; "we've had no such gale as this for ten years to my knowledge. Hark! hear that—that's the signal gun—there'll be more shortly."

Another report rolled over along the storm, and in a moment another, and about a score of men, the doctor and myself among them, hurried out through the rear door of the hotel and made our way through the driving rain and the shrieking wind, which seemed somehow to lift us from our feet, to the beach.

Others had come out from the neighboring hotels. There were lanterns moving hurriedly to and fro in the background and along the shore, and at a little distance below we saw several rockets sent up in rapid succession.

They were signals of distress from the deck of a ship which was driving before the gale directly on shore. Before we could reach the point opposite which the signals appeared she had struck, and the waves were breaking over her.

It was only a little way from one of the coast stations for the relief of ships in distress, and by the time we had joined the group which clustered along the shore the wreckers, lighted to their work by torches, had launched the lifeboat and were putting off through the surf. It was no light work; the boat was hurled again and again upon the beach, and its occupants thrown bruised and drenched upon the sand. They had planted a mortar upon the shore and were firing balls attached to coils of light cord, which they hoped to throw across the deck of the ship as a means of passing a cable aboard. But it was unavailing, the sea swept her decks with such terrific violence. "She would break up presently," said some of the men with torches. "Nothing of wood and iron could withstand a sea like that." The men with the lifeboat, who had been reinforced by the arrival of another from a station lower down, toiled manfully at the edge of the surf, but it seemed an eternity before the first of the boats succeeded in effecting a launch. Meantime a cry arose from a group of the torch-bearers who clustered at the base of the bluff, clinging by ropes which were fastened upon the shore; and in a few minutes the first victim of the shipwreck was stretched upon the grass with the torchlight flaring upon his face, and a wild, white group of men gathered about him. He was a boy, and the matted hair clung to his temples, which were fair and white as a girl's. The foam was issuing from his lips, and his eyes were fixed in a cold, glassy stare; he was dead. There were others pretty soon; a sailor with a red handkerchief about his neck. His face had been of bronze an hour before; it was blue now and rigid, and his grizzled hair was coiled in dripping knots. Another, too, not a sailor; perfectly naked and much bruised. He had tried to swim ashore, some of the men said, and had been hurled upon the shore stone dead. They wrapped him in a blanket and stretched him upon the grass beside the others, and in a little time a crackling sound and bolts snapped asunder and timber shivered told us that the ship had gone to pieces, and that it was all over.

All over with the ship, and doubtless with the crew, for the lifeboat was returning; we caught occasional glimpses of it by the torchlight as it mounted the summits of the waves. Now and then a cry arose from some of the wreckers as a black mass surging up amid the foam told the dread story of another victim. We had heard such cries since the first body had been seen; but now, just as the lifeboat dashed upon the shore, a cry of another sort rose above the tumult of the waters and the howling wind. It was a woman's voice—wild, shrill and clear, and it ended in a gurgle. In another instant a black lifeless mass was tossed ashore, and at the very feet of those who had manned the lifeboat. It was a woman with a child clasped in her arms. They brought her up upon the terrace, stretched her upon blankets which lay upon the grass, unclasped her arms from about the child, and the torchlight fell upon her face. It was a young face, fair and white, with waves and masses of black hair tangled about it. I had seen it before; once full of passion and anguish, as the nightlamp in old John Raby's parlor illumined it, again looking angrily on me through midsummer leaves, again with the starlight upon it, and yet once more bent down to kiss the brow of an old man who was dead.

It was Miss Volte, and with my first glimpse of her face the ground seemed to reel beneath my feet and the torches were blotted out; I saved myself from falling by catching the jacket of one of the wreckers who stood near me.

"Drink this," he said, putting a case bottle to my lips; "you're faint, and I don't wonder; take a good pull."

It was brandy, and a mouthful of it revived me. The doctor, who had likewise recognized her, had unloosed her dress and pronounced her to be yet alive. The child which had been clasped in her arms, had golden hair, and wore a white night robe and a tiny crucifix about its neck. It was dead—a sailor, with a dark bruise upon his temple and a torn sleeve, had wrapped the little one in his great jacket and held it in his arms, and something like the rain sparkled upon his eyelashes.

The house nearest the disaster was Mr. Wynne's cottage, and a light flickered at its casement. Thither, in all haste, the woman and the dead child were borne, the doctor leading the way.

Only a few accompanied us to the cottage; there was work yet to be done upon the beach, although the storm had spent its fury and the moon was beginning to break through a rift in the clouds.

The old nurse, holding a shaded lamp in her hand, responded to the doctor's loud knock upon the door:

"A bed-room, quick!" said the doctor, pushing the door wide open and crowding past the nurse into the hall; "for a lady—this way; light us—no questions for the present!" and yielding to his peremptory directions, the old lady led the way to a bedroom at the rear of the cottage. "Call in your maid and unrobe the lady at once," said the doctor, taking the lamp from the unresisting nurse. He motioned the men away, and they came out into the hall where the sailor stood holding the golden-haired girl in his arms—the Italian servant, blanched with terror, stood there likewise, guarding the door of Mr. Wynne's apartment, and talking wildly in a language which no one could understand.

While the nurse and the female servant were disrobing the lady, the doctor came into the hall.

"You can do no good by remaining," he said, taking the dead child from the sailor's arms; "and there may be work for you on the beach. I think the lady may be saved. You have done your part. It remains for me to do mine." And the men went away again toward the beach. The doctor placed in my arms the little child, which was still wrapped in the sailor's jacket.

"Luigi will show you a vacant room up-stairs," he said. "When you come down come to the inner room, I may want you."

Luigi led the way up-stairs, talking all the time in a language which I could not comprehend, for he knew little English, and that little his terror had driven out of his recollection, and I placed the child upon a sofa and covered it with a white counterpane from the bed. I left the lamp burning upon the table, and as I came down the stair I saw Mr. Wynne standing at the open door of his apartment, in his nightgown, and with a taper in his hand which shook violently.

He was jabbering in Italian, and calling for his servant.

"What is it?" he said, as he saw me. "Who are you? Do I know you? Are you my servant? No. Then why the devil are you here; and what is all this noise? Where's Luigi?"

Luigi was behind me upon the stair, and he signified that fact by chattering like a monkey and gesticulating.

I hastened down, wrenched the nightlight from the tremulous hand of the invalid, and held it so that its light fell upon my face.

"Do you know me, Mr. Wynne?"

He was so weak and infirm of brain that the least alarm or excitement unsettled his faculties altogether. He forgot the names even of familiar things—of his servant, of the door, of the chair, of everything. His condition of struggling imbecility was most painful and shocking, and Luigi and myself helped him to a chair.

In these losses of intellect, which, as I subsequently learned from the doctor, had of late become alarmingly frequent, he was more than usually talkative, but his talk was hopelessly incoherent and inane. It did not seem to be so much madness as a temporary eclipse of memory. His eyes were not wild; there was nothing of the maniac in his manner, but his words bore no relation to each other. I asked him if he could understand what I said to him, and he nodded repeatedly and with an expression upon his face of relief.

"There has been a wreck off-shore to-night, and a good many lives have been lost. Only one person on board reached the shore alive. That person was a lady, and she is now in the house. Dr. Harris is trying to resuscitate her. You comprehend me?"

He nodded again, and silenced the servant, who was about to speak, by waving his hand. I observed what I had not noted before, that the inner shutters of the window were closed and barred, and that he could not have seen the glare of the torches upon the shore.

"She was brought here by the doctor's directions, yours being the nearest house. There was a dead child clasped in her arms when she was washed ashore."

He held up his hand, made a few ineffectual attempts to speak, and finally said "Wait." He was so much exhilarated at his success in getting the right word, that he repeated it over and over, "Wait—wait—wait."

The eclipse seemed slowly to roll away from his mind. "A child," he said, "and a woman—mother and child, doubtless. Mother and child! mother and child!"

(To be continued.)

THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL.

WINTER GARDEN.—Since our last we have seen Miss Bateman as Bianca in the "Italian Wife." High as was the position we awarded Miss Bateman in our previous articles, it falls altogether short of her deserts. Admirable as were her previous delineations, we were not prepared for the grandeur and the intensity of her conception of the terrible character of Bianca. The two leading sentiments of Bianca are passionate love and maddening jealousy, and both are evolved to the uttermost point in the action of the play. She is an Italian wife, and the transition from love to hate, or, at the least, to a sudden and terrible revenge, is as rapid and destructive as the flash and stroke of forked lightning. In the first, husband and wife are poor, but he is a dreamer, a searcher after the philosopher's stone, whose hopes are of untold wealth; still between the two hearts there is perfect confidence and fresh and passionate love. Then the old miser, their near neighbor, drops dead at Fazio's feet, murdered by robbers, and he, moved by the certainty of great wealth, buries the old man in the garden and possesses himself secretly of the hoarded treasure. He tells the story to his true wife, and poverty knows them no more. Through all this act love is the prevailing emotion, and to its delineation Miss Bateman brought all the strength of her tender womanly nature. But through this exquisite tenderness there gleamed flashes of a fiery passion, which, latent in her being, could be moulded for good or evil, as the master-hand directed its energies. This keynote to her character, this foreshadowing of what was to follow, was merely indicated by Miss Bateman by the sudden flashing of the eye and the suppressed heaving of the bosom. But it was a master-stroke of art.

We next find them rich in the world's wealth, and mixing with the nobles of Florence. Here an old love of Fazio's seeks him out. False to him in his poverty, the Lady Aldabella strives to secure the rich lover—pleads her broken heart at his desertion, and fastens her coils around a heart weak in its vanity but strong in its belief of her truth and virtue. She ridicules his lover-like devotion to his wife, and plays her hand with skillful cunning. So Fazio, an art learner when Bianca comes, endeavors to persuade her that fashion demands that they should be more distant in society; that she should deem it as nothing if he flirt and say tender words to other ladies, while he should view unmoved the gallant attentions of cavaliers to her. Nothing could excel the grandeur of her burst of passionate indignation in this situation; it was a tornado of wild and vehement eloquence, only equalled by the sublimest moments of Rachel, of Pasta in the "Medea," or Grisli in "Norma." Her eyes flashed, her cheeks grew deadly pale, her form dilated, the very depths of her nature seemed stirred, revealing themselves in words of fire, which scorched like the flow of molten lava. Nothing could equal the power and intensity of this emotion, except the instant transition to the words, "No, not hate you!" when all her great love seemed to suffuse her entire being—her cheeks flushed, her eyes softened and glistened, and her form trembled as her face nestled in the bosom of her husband.

Art cannot drive the life-blood from the cheek nor cause its crimson flood to flow again. Art cannot flash the lightning in the eye, and quench it in tenderness and tears. Art cannot dilate the form until it towers to the expression of majesty, then shrink it back to its round, tender proportions, tremblingly feminine! Art can do none of these; they are the irresistible impulses of Genius allied to the finest and most sensitive nature, formed on a model which is from time to time lost to the world (and then there is a blank in Art), to reappear again and flash upon us as a new revelation.

It was lost and reappears again in the person of Miss Bateman. From the point last mentioned there is no pause in the action. Fazio pays one last visit to Aldabella and yields to her fascinations. He returns not home, and Bianca, wild with portentous fear, roams the streets, her feverish realizations. At length one messenger returns and her worst fears are confirmed. Fazio had supped with Aldabella! Here again was a manifestation of that marvellous power of which we have spoken. Its concentrated force of passion and agony baffles description—word-painting is too weak to do it justice. Then comes her determination to tear him from the arms of his mistress, and her denunciation of him to the Duke and Senate as the robber and murderer of old Bertoldo. This scene tested her powers to the utmost. At one moment inexorable in her jealous madness, the next pleading, imploring, beseeching for the life of him her jealousy has unwittingly condemned to death; then, like an accusing angel, denouncing the judges for condemning an innocent man, and again grovelling at the feet of her husband and praying for love, and for forgiveness for the fatal act which sprung from her mighty love and tortured heart. It was a great effort—sublime in the reality of its varied and terrible emotions.

And so from scene to scene the genius of the artist rose with the occasion, achieving a series of triumphs varying only in so much that one exceeded the other in grandeur and completeness. Perhaps of all her efforts, the finest in conception and execution, was her interview with Aldabella, where she implores her to intercede for the life of Fazio. But were we to individualize each separate beauty of her delineation, we could fill columns of the Illustrated and still leave much, very much, in her praise unsaid.

There is no one on the American or the English stage who can compare with Miss Bateman, if we judge her by her youth and what she has already accomplished. Her face is a study, for it expresses every emotion. It mirrors her every thought and impulse, and breathes out a rare and extraordinary intelligence. Her motions and gestures are not only naturally graceful, but classic in their ease and severe beauty. Her poses are pictures which painter and sculptor might study with advantage, and hope, perhaps vainly, to imitate. In short, she seems to have reached in her youth a point at which other artists have arrived at the close of their career, and won by glorious intuition what they achieved only by years of severe labor and experience. It is a high position to claim for her, but we unhesitatingly place Miss Bateman at the head of her profession, conscious that her present and future career will fully justify our matured opinion.

It is high praise to say that Mr. Edwin Adams supported Miss Bateman most efficiently—that his individuality was not entirely absorbed by the greatness of hers, and that he won and justly merited cordial applause.

Miss Bateman appears this week in her mother's play of Geraldine.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.—Among the fine comedies produced here last week, Sheridan Knowles's charming comedy, "The Love Chase," merits especial mention. It was richly put upon the stage, and costumed with great elegance. The Neighbor Constance of Mrs. Hoey was a spirited and refined personation, free from boisterousness and yet piquant and full of life. Her description of the chase and hounds was perhaps a little under-acted, but the elocution was unexceptionable. Miss Cannon looked and interpreted Widow Green to perfection. We forgive her worldliness for her vivacity and good temper, and through all her warty fascinations we see the weak, warm-hearted woman, who boasts of a strength which she does not possess. The scene where she plays off Sir William Fondlove against Master Waller was a piece of exquisite acting, worthy of the palmist days of the drama. Miss Henriquez as Lydia pleased us greatly. Her reading was beautiful, not a word but was distinctly audible and justly emphasized. Her voice is exquisitely modulated, and there is a heart-tone in it which reaches at once the sympathies of the audience. Her appeal to Master Waller was rendered with a womanly dignity and a passionate earnestness which we have rarely seen excelled. It is, however, somewhat singular that while she possesses sufficient coolness to do full justice to the words of her part, she is totally devoid of stage ease. She is painfully conscious that she has arms and hands, and seems fearful of indulging in one natural gesture. The effect is one of excessive restraint and unconquerable timidity, and contrasts most singularly with the self-possession suggested by her delivery of the language. Over-acting is to be condemned and avoided, but no action is hardly less a fault. It is a sad drawback to Miss Henriquez, who is in other respects so admirable, and we hope to awaken her attention to this point, which alone prevents her taking a higher rank in the profession.

Wildrake is one of those characters which perfectly fits Lester Wallack. His sudden transformation from the country gentleman, devoted to the chase, to the court gallant full of French airs, pounce boxes and fripperies, was as complete as it was amusing. His affected, mincing gait, his drawing voice and his awkward uneasy carriage, contrasting so strongly with his natural manly bearing in the previous scenes, were points of marked excellence and thoroughly artistic. Mr. Charles Fisher as Master Waller was earnest and discreet, reading the language beautifully, while Mark Smith simulated a ripe old age with much success. In every part "The Love Chase" was admirably acted; it was, in short, a thing complete.

The music at this establishment is under the charge of Robert Stoepeel, and is excellent in every respect. Mr. Stoepeel has chosen his instrumentalists with great care, each one being a solo player, and a portion at least first class. They play with a precision and intelligence rarely heard in our theatres, and the charming music selected breaks in pleasantly even upon the fine acting which precedes it. Mr. Wallack shows true managerial tact in securing for his theatre the services of so eminent a musician as Robert Stoepeel.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE.—This theatre has enjoyed for several years a vast amount of popularity, and the lady manager is entitled to much credit for her perseverance and energy, and also for the highly creditable manner in which many of her spectacular pieces have been presented to the New York public. But late Miss Keene has fallen grievously into error, for such pieces as the "Seven Sins" and the miserable trash called "Reason and Polly," now lingering out a feeble existence, are not only libels on the taste of a too good-natured New York public, but are in themselves a mass of senseless incongruities and distortions, and would not be permitted in any other city in the world over one night's existence. We are thus emphatic because we think it the duty of the press to point out these flagrant errors, and we were pleased to find in all the journals last week a universality of opinion as to the lack of point, interest, and indeed the general stupidity of this last production.

It will be idle to go into detail as to the plot-distribution of the characters.

We have the fair managers in nine impersonations, in one of which she is supposed to represent a young English swell, bearing the euphonious name of John Smith, Jr.; in this she introduces many slang expressions, such as "We don't see it, yer know," "It won't wash," and the like; and her dress would have been seen to much better advantage in the window of a costumer than where it was. Miss Keene at one time was the pet actress of this city, and her theatre has been wonderfully successful; but the means and the persons employed were very different to those now in operation, and we should imagine it would be made apparent to herself and her treasurer that there is some truth in these remarks, in the great falling off in the audiences, and consequently of the exchequer.

It will be only necessary to refer to Mr. Wallack's theatre to see the effect of his superb management, both in the mounting and distribution of the sterling comedies he is nightly presenting to crowded, fashionable and intellectual audiences; his coffers are filled to repletion, his admirers charmed, and his house is nightly filled to overflowing.

A few words more, and our brief stay is over. We have heard that in one or two instances a certain manager refused admission to the reporters of newspapers who had spoken condemnatorily of a piece recently produced, and that he had remarked that no one connected with the Press should be on his free list, "excepting those who wrote in praise of his theatre." In no other city in the world would this be tolerated; in no other city in the world is the Press, as a general thing, so good-natured, or so unbugged as in New York. This fulsome adulation and praise of everything is not only extremely ridiculous, but damaging to the performer, and it is high time, as Mr. Hamlet in the play says, to "reform it altogether."

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—The success of Miss Caroline Richings continues unabated, for crowded audiences are present night after night and week after week to witness her performances. The operatic drama, "The Enchantress," is certainly a splendid spectacle, produced evidently without regard to cost, and forming of itself a remarkable attraction; but gorgeous as are its surroundings they long since would have ceased to attract. The charm which draws thousands of delighted spectators nightly to the Garden must be looked for elsewhere, and it will be certainly found in the rare abilities of Miss Richings. Her voice is very charming, and she sings in that popular style which attracts the sympathies of her hearers, and secures for her their cordial admiration. She is a self-possessed and fascinating actress, and treads the stage with ease and grace, and throws an interest over all she does by her earnest manner and her thorough identity with the character she represents. The other characters in "The Enchantress" are well sustained, some of them being admirably acted.

We should be pleased to see Miss Richings in some other characters, but while the people still rush to see her as the Enchantress, we cannot expect to have that gratification. A success interrupted in its career is rarely if ever restored. It is played every night this week and during next week also.

BARNUM'S MUSEUM.—The beautiful melodrama, "The Flowers of the Forest; or, A Gipsy's Story," has proved a great success at this popular establishment. The piece is put upon the stage with great splendor. The acting is very powerful, indeed; Mrs. J. J. Prior especially exciting the warmest admiration of the audience. The piece itself is of a hoary interest; those who have not seen it should not lose the present, which is the only opportunity. There are countless other attractions, but they all yield to the present extraordinary attraction of the great National Dog Show, which is now in full operation, and drawing thousands of visitors daily from all parts of the country. So superb a collection of dogs has never before been brought together in this country. The curious will here find the finest specimens in large numbers, of almost every variety, many of them of the rarest breeds, and almost next to impossible to obtain save at extraordinary cost. For our own part, having a natural love for the canine race, this exhibition, arranged as it is on a grand scale, is peculiarly attractive, and we are glad to find, from the crowds which throng the Museum at all hours of the day, that thousands have a kindred interest in the great National Dog Exhibition.

The preparations for the great Baby Show go on swimmingly. About one million babies have been offered by one million of National mothers, each believing her babe to be the finest in the world.

CAMBRIDGE AND OXFORD—PRESIDENT LINCOLN.—An enthusiastic contributor to the Cambridge Independent (England) thus estimates the President and his policy of liberation:

"President Lincoln's long-projected scheme may not be successfully carried out, although the House of Representatives have given their approval; but that it should be proposed at all is the most marvellous triumph which the true Christian idea has won in the present era; and from every religious denomination in the land an address to Mr. Lincoln should be sent, thanking him, in the name of humanity, for what he has done, and earnestly urging him to persevere in his momentous task, and be sure that the blessing of heaven will be upon him, as will be the gratitude of those whom he befriends."

THE MERRIMAC.—It is to be regretted, for many reasons, that this vessel did not venture on another conflict with our fleet in Hampton Roads. Her first day's exploits proved the folly of building any more wooden frigates. The contest with the Monitor on the second day was of great scientific interest, as showing the relative value of heavy ordnance and thick iron-plating in an actual sea fight. The third fight, if a chance had been given, would have demonstrated the value of a swift steam ram against an iron-clad vessel. The Vanderbilt, the Arago, and the Baltimore, as is now well known, were in readiness

to make the attempt, at least, had she ventured into deep water or got out of the range of the guns at Sewall's Point. But this experiment is now postponed until another war takes place, for the rebels have no vessel left that a few guns would not sink with ease.

It is more than probable, although it has been denied by the rebel press, that the Merrimac was seriously injured in her contest with the Monitor; so much so as to disable her for another fight. The report that she leaked continuously is no doubt true.—*World.*

THE Senate has performed an act of tardy justice to Gen. Sickles, whose brigade distinguished itself so greatly in the Williamsburg fight. He was confirmed on the 13th, his commission to date from his entry into the service. This action of the Senate has given great public satisfaction, and will inspire Gen. Sickles's brigade with new spirit.

THE first sewing machines that were brought to such perfection as to satisfy the public of their practicability, made what is known as the "shuttle" or "lock-stitch." The novelty of the machine, the beauty of the sewing, and the railroad rapidity with which the iron seamstress passed over tracks of countless stitches of wonderful regularity and neatness, made all friends of progress hail the inventor as a benefactor, and the invention as one of the greatest achievements of the 19th century. Notwithstanding the great favor with which the sewing of these "lock-stitch" machines was received, it was evident to many that a more reliable stitch was required—a stitch that should be stronger and more elastic. The subsequent invention of the Grover & Baker machine, making the well-known "Grover & Baker stitch," supplied this want, and convinced the bitterest opponents of machine-sewing that work could be performed by machinery that would surpass the best hand-sewing in beauty, strength and elasticity. Possessing these great requisites the Grover & Baker machine grew immediately into popular favor, and is now recognized all over the world as the best and most reliable.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

CAPT. RODMAN, having successfully cast a 30-inch gun, and the test showing it to be as safe and strong as a similar cannon, is now at work on a pocket-piece for the President, the ball of which is to weigh 3,000 pounds, to have a range of six or seven miles, of two feet and a-half in diameter, while the gun itself will weigh somewhere in the neighborhood of 200 tons. It is supposed, if the Warrior or any other English ship, should be struck by one of the balls from this little joker it would be difficult for the future historian to tell the precise spot where the English vessel was last seen or at precisely what instant she disappeared from mortal view. Capt. Rodman is now finishing six 15-inch toys for the new Monitors, three or four 20-inch playthings, beside Old Abe's pocket-piece, the 30-inch joker. The story that a guard is set over this gun every night to keep it from being picked up and carried off by some thief, is pronounced a canard.

ACCORDING to Gen. Floyd's explanation of his official report he carried off only 1,236 men from Fort Donelson. They belonged to the following regiments, which were attached to his brigade:

30th Virginia.....	243
50th Virginia.....	285
51st Virginia.....	274
56th Virginia.....	134
20th Mississippi.....	300
Total.....	1,236

A LETTER from an officer in Fort Jackson, in the New Orleans Bulletin, states the Federal fleet, in its attack upon that fort, averaged one shell every twelve seconds, or five a minute for nearly seventy hours!

THE Board of Naval Examiners have recommended to the Navy Department the construction of four additional iron-clad gunboats for use in Southern and Western waters. The plan of these boats is new, and was submitted by James B. Eads, Esq., of St. Louis. The award for the building of the boats is as follows: Two to Jas. B. Eads, two to Allen & Gatz, of St. Louis, and one to Thos. T. Gaylord, of Cincinnati. These gunboats will be 220 feet long by 56 beam; six feet draft. Each boat to have four propellers of a diameter of seven feet six inches. The hulls will be entirely of iron, the exposed parts covered with 3-inch plates. Each boat will have two turrets on the Ericsson plan, each turret containing two 11-inch Dahlgren guns. The boats will cost about \$320,000 each, and are designed for the Lower Mississippi and Gulf coast.

BURIAL OF ADJ. GADSDEN.—On Friday, the last tribute to a brave soldier was paid to Adj. Gadsden of Hawkins's Zouaves, who was killed in the battle of Camden, on the 10th April. He was one of the foremost of that gallant band who, charging "not wisely but too fiercely," paid the penalty with their lives. His funeral was attended by Capt. Barnett and Graham and Lieut. Debevoise, with a small detachment of this favorite regiment, who had come to New York with the wounded. Capt. Graham was wounded in two places, but will soon be ready to resume his military duties. Adj. Gadsden was in his 30th year, and had only joined the Zouaves a few days; he was formerly of the 7th Regiment.

THE ladies of St. Louis presented Gen. Franz Siegel on the 20th of April with a beautiful silver goblet, containing the following inscription:

Presented to
MAJOR-GENERAL FRANZ SIEGEL,
By the
AMERICAN UNION LADIES OF ST. LOUIS,
As a token of their appreciation of his patriotic devotion to his
ADOPTED COUNTRY,
April 1862.

DISTANCES IN VIRGINIA.—In connection with the military operations now going on in Virginia, the following table will not be without its interest and value:

From Norfolk to Richmond is.....	106 miles.
From Suffolk to Richmond is.....	85 "
From Cape Henry to Richmond is.....	150 "
From Hampton to Richmond is.....	96 "
From Fortress Monroe to Richmond is.....	99 "
From Yorktown to Richmond is.....	70 "
From Williamsburg to Richmond is.....	65 "
From Fredericksburg to Richmond is.....	130 "
From Washington to Richmond is.....	150 "
From Winchester to Richmond is.....	150 "
From Gordonsville to Richmond is.....	70 "
From Staunton to Richmond is.....	120 "

WAR NEWS.

Capture of Rebels.

A DETACHMENT of the 5th New York Cavalry, Banks's Division, on May 6th, in a reconnaissance from Newmarket towards Harrisburg, met and routed a party of Ashby's Cavalry, numbering about 200, killing 10 of them and taking six prisoners. Our loss was one killed and one prisoner.

Capture of Rebel Vessels.

ON the 13th of April, Lieut.-Com. Nicholson, of the Isaac Smith, then stationed at St. Augustine, having heard that a schooner had come in over the Matanzas bar, some 18 miles to the southward, dispatched three armed boats, together with a detachment of 25 men from Col. Bell's command, to capture her, which was done, and the schooner brought up to St. Augustine. The vessel was called the Empire City. She had a register and cleared from Nassau, N. P., for Empire City. Her cargo consisted of provisions, dry goods, medicines, &c. In consideration of the fact that the citizens of St. Augustine were without the necessities of life, and with no means of getting them, Lieut. Nicholson sold the cargo, or a portion of it, at auction. The gun boat Kerhama, on the 21st ult., off Mobile, captured the R. C. Files, while attempting to run the blockade. She was loaded with cotton, and has been sent to Key West.

Operations near Charleston.

COM. DUPONT is busy near Charleston, S. C. One of his latest exploits in that direction was the capture of a battery near the junction of the Dawho-pow-pow and South Edisto rivers by the steamer Hale, on the 29th of April. It mounted two fine 24-pounders. So rapid was the fight of the rebels, that one gun was found both loaded and primed. The gunboat Onward had occupied Bull's Bay, one of the avenues to Charleston, and silenced the rebel batteries there.

Burning of the Schooner Chase.

THE schooner Chase, from Nassau, N. P., for this port, says the Charleston Mercury, 29th, was chased ashore by the Lincoln fleet, on Saturday last, and grounded on the Racon Keys, where she was burned by the officers and crew, to prevent her falling into the hands of the enemy. She had on board a cargo of salt, etc. The officers and men have arrived here.

Capture of Another Rebel Vessel.

THE prize schooner Flash arrived in New York on the 9th of May. She was captured off Price's Inlet, about 14 miles to the northward of Charleston, while attempting to run the blockade, by the United States bark Restless, Lieut. Conroy, commanding. She stood in towards the land about 11 A. M., when the bark discovered her and fired a Parrott shell through her mainsail.

OUR ARMY IN THE PENINSULA.

In another column we have related the only desperate fight of the week on the Peninsula—that of Williamsburg. On Wednesday, the National army, consisting of the divisions under Generals Franklin and Sedgwick, having landed at West Point, on the York river, whither they had gone with the intention of cutting off the rebels' retreat from Yorktown to Richmond, was attacked by the rebels under Gen. Lee. After a short conflict, in which the Union gunboats took part, the rebels retreated to New Kent, and from thence to the banks of the Chickahominy. New Kent was occupied by our troops on Thursday, and on Friday Gen. McClellan's advanced right flank established a junction with Franklin's division. On Saturday our advance had possession of Cumberland, about 22 miles from Richmond on a straight line, and about 12 miles from Bottom's Bridge, on the Chickahominy, where it is expected the rebels will make their final stand in defence of Richmond. Bottom's Bridge being only nine miles from that city, if they are defeated there, Virginia is lost.

The Chickahominy, which has just become a point of interest, rises about 20 miles to the north-west of Richmond in Hanover County, and after a winding course, south-east by east, of about 70 miles, passes to the north of Richmond and flows into the James river about eight miles above James-town.

New Kent Court-House is three miles south of the Pamunky river, and 27 from Richmond. It contains about 20 houses, six of which are stores and four taverns. It has no place of public worship, the Court-House being used for that purpose. Its population is 57 persons. It is 12 miles from West Point, on the direct road to Richmond.

PERSONAL.

A MR. SIMEON HAZEN, now living in the town of Sprague, Connecticut, aged 93 years, has lived in three different towns without removing from his home, Sprague having formerly been known by the names of Norwich and Franklin; and has also lived under three governments—the monarchy of George IV., then under the Confederacy, and under the Government of the United States. He has seen four wars, and was drafted at New London in the war of 1812, and had a son in the same company, and one in the Mexican war and the present one.

LIEUTENANT WORDEN, who commanded the Monitor in her famous conflict with the Merrimac, and who sustained severe injuries in the encounter, has nearly recovered, and has been detailed to command the great iron frigate now building in Philadelphia—the Ironsides.

COMMANDER CHARLES S. BOGGS, of the United States gunboat Varuna, which was sunk in the recent engagement with the enemy at New Orleans, where he attacked 13 gunboats of the rebels and sunk six of them, and his last shot, fired when his deck was under water, sunk a gunboat of the rebels, a native of New Brunswick, New Jersey. When a lad he told his father he wished to go into the navy. His father said to him, "You are too clumsy. You would fall into the water from the deck." The next morning his father saw him on the roof of the house; he had climbed the lightning-rod, going up hand over hand. His mother was a sister of the gallant Lawrence of the Chesapeake.

SOUTHERN NEWS.

THE Atlanta (Ga.) Intelligencer, of the 27th of April, says: "Memphis, we apprehend, will share the fate of New Orleans. To de-secure ourselves with any other hope is now a folly. We ought and must prepare for the worst—that worst is the occupation of most of our cities, with water approaches, by the enemy."

THE Richmond Examiner, of May 1st, soliloquizes: "It cannot be denied that the position of the Confederacy is anything rather than desirable. Indeed, if any country ever had a gloomy day it is ours now. How the great opportunities of the past have been improved, how the immense power of the South has been frittered and squandered away, and whither a persistence in the policy and principles which have brought misfortune on us will eventually lead, are thoughts that occur frequently to every mind."

A BILL has been passed by the Kentucky Legislature inflicting a fine of not less than \$50, or more than \$500, on any minister or priest who shall solemnize marriage unless he shall have first taken the oath of allegiance to the United States, and sworn that he has never aided the rebel States.

W. H. HUMPHREYS, Judge of the U. S. District Court of Tennessee, has been impeached by the House of Representatives for "high crimes and misdemeanors," and the impeachment sent to the Senate, in order that the latter may take order for his appearance to answer to the charges.

JOHN BELL, ex-candidate for the Presidency, and ex-patriot, was at Huntsville, Ala., when the National troops entered that place, and made his escape on foot, leaving the town "by a by-path," so say the Atlanta papers.

OBITUARY.

MR. C. C. CAMBRELENG, for many years a prominent politician of New York, died at his residence at West Neck, Long Island, on Wednesday, in the 78th year of his age. For some time past Mr. Cambreleg had disappeared from the public eye, but a little while ago he was one of the conspicuous men of the nation. He was originally a successful merchant of this city, afterwards represented it in Congress for many terms, where he took a leading part, and he was appointed Minister to Russia under the administration of Van Buren. He was a man of great practical sense and of inflexible honesty, and the city of New York has seldom sent to the national councils a person more worthy of her metropolitan position.

MR. HENRY D. THOREAU, whose name is indissolubly connected with American literature, died at Concord, Mass., on the 7th of May, of consumption. He was of a thoughtful and reflective nature, and such is the character of his works; but at the same time he possessed the faculty of recording his reflections in an agreeable, lively style, and thus found many readers who would not care a pin for reflections of equal value or depth if less pleasantly expressed. He was an intense admirer of Nature, and much more successful than Alexander Selkirk in finding the charms of solitude. He passed nearly a year living alone in a little hut on the wild shores of a New England river. Here he lived on an infinitely small sum of money, tilling the ground and hunting the woods for his support in the daytime, and in the long twilight sitting by the door of his log-house, reading the Greek and Latin poets. Here, too, he was visited often by admirers; for the man, singular as it may appear in this prosaic age, had such real devotees, who used to make pilgrimages to his shrine, simply to enjoy the delights of his conversation.

BOOK NOTICES.

BALLADS OF THE WAR, by A. J. H. Duganne, is the title of an elegant serial, profusely illustrated, in the best style of art, published by John Robins, 37 Park Row. The first number contains "The March to the Capitol," illustrating the departure of the 6th Massachusetts regiment from Boston, and its passage through Baltimore on the anniversary of the first Great Struggle for Liberty at Lexington. It will be followed by "The Fall of Sumter," "The Death of Ellsworth," etc. Mr. Duganne is one of the most vigorous and spirited of our poets, and his verse rises to the dignity of his subject.

CAPT. FITZ JAMES O'BRIEN, before his death, formally requested Mr. Frank Wood and Mr. Thomas E. Davis, Jun., to act as his literary executors, and they are now making arrangements for the collection and publication of his works.





OUR COUNTRY.

On primal rocks she wrote her name;
Her towers were reared on holy graves;
The golden seed that bore her came
Swift-winged with prayer o'er ocean waves;

The forest bowed his solemn crest,
And open flung his sylvan doors;
Meek rivers led the appalled guest
To clasp the wide-embracing shores;

Till, fold by fold, the broidered land
To swell her virgin vestments grew,
While sages, strong in heart and hand,
Her virtue's fiery girdle drew.

O exile of the wrath of kings!
O Pilgrim Ark of Liberty!
The refuge of divested things,
Their record must abide in thee!

First in the glories of thy front
Let the crown-jewel, Truth, be found;
Thy right hand fling with generous wont,
Love's happy chain to farthest bound!

Let Justice, with the faultless scales,
Hold fast the worship of thy sons;
Thy commerce spread her shining sails
Where no dark tide of rapine runs!

So link thy ways to those of God,
So follow firm the heavenly laws,
The stars may greet thee, warrior-browed,
And storm-spied angels hail thy cause!

O land, the measure of our prayers,
Hope of the world in grief and wrong,
Be thine the tribute of the years,
The gift of faith, the crown of song!

A VERY STRANGE STORY.

IN NINE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

I DO NOT for a moment mean to affirm that to any of the remarkable but true occurrences which I am about to record, can with propriety be applied the term Supernatural. And yet, were the word to fall from my pen, could the philosopher, vainest of visionaries, deny my right to appropriate it? Empty babblers! have they fixed the limits between the Real and the Ideal, the Actual and the Possible, the Material and the Spiritual, the Tangible and the Ethereal? Has their so-called science established a firmament to divide the world of facts into those lying within the scope of Nature and those soaring above it? A thousand times—No! Widen the processes of induction, so that psychical and physiological phenomena—hitherto disregarded, because falling without the narrow limits you have set yourselves—may assume their proper places for scientific observation, and the result will be, not the triumph of a system—poisoner of the well-springs of knowledge—but of that majestic Entity, the Veritas of the Roman Inquirer, the *Alethes* of the pure-minded Greek, white-robed, unspotted, God-revealed Truth.

My name is Higgins—surely a name not in itself suggestive of the romantic or the preternatural—and in the year 18— I exercised the calling of a mercer and haberdasher in a midland town, which I shall call P—. Yet, mean as my calling might appear to some, I boasted of a pedigree which many a mushroom earl might have envied. For my ancestors had fought at Poitiers and Agincourt, and in the form of my nose and the manner in which the black hair curled negligently over the forehead might be traced the unmistakable signs of the Norman blood which flowed, almost unpolluted, through our veins. I was tolerably well-to-do in business, and could therefore permit myself the luxury—if luxury it can be called—of falling in love.

The object which soon came to engross my affections and to absorb my being in her own, was the only daughter of a neighboring pork-butcher, called Elfrida Winterbottom. Strange as this conjunction of names may appear, there was some reason for it: her blood, though derived from a different source, was as gentle as my own. Her ancestors had fought against the Dane, in the suite of Alfred—had filled the brilliant courts of Edwy and Egbert, and Ethelwulf—had perished nobly at Hastings where mine had as nobly triumphed. There was a certain grace and delicacy about her, as she weighed out the sausages, which, to the rare observer, would at once have revealed the purity of her Saxon descent.

We were engaged. On the night immediately following that which saw her consent given, we were wandering along the old town walls and beneath the shadow of the majestic abbey, when the sky, which had before been bright and star-illumined, came all at once to be overspread by dark clouds, and the rain pelted down, in a somewhat slanting direction, upon our heads, unprotected by umbrellas. Elfrida screamed as though stung by a serpent, lifted up her dress, and ran for protection to the nearest doorway. As we reached it, dripping with wet, it seemed to me that a chill—something which Ignorance would have attributed to Presentiment, and Philosophy, equally ignorant, would have set down to the mere operation of the elements—had fallen upon me.

"So it is ever in mortal life, dearest Elfrida," I exclaimed. "To Joy succeeds Pain, to Pleasure Satiety, and winter as surely sheds her cold snows over the ground once laughing with golden corn-stalks, as yonder dark cloud has in a moment obscured the fair face of heaven which looked down upon our loves."

"Yes, but in life immortal," replied Elfrida, "the mind of man soaring from the Real to the Ideal—"

CHAPTER II.

Two days after this adventure, looking across the way from my shop-window, I saw the opposite wall placarded with advertisements of various colors and very considerable size. They announced that Mr. Lafayette Snooks, the celebrated mesmerist and spiritual medium, was about to give a *seance* in the Town Hall. I had always entertained the profoundest contempt for these so-called experiences, founding my convictions upon the doctrines of Locke and Bacon, and had gone so far as to quarrel with a former shopman, a German (for we had "*Hier spricht mann Deutsch*" in the window) who professed an enthusiastic reverence for Hegel. It was therefore with little satisfaction that I learned that same evening, on taking tea with my beloved, of a projected visit of the family to the Town Hall. Firmly, but politely, I declined to be of the party.

It was with still deeper annoyance that I heard the next night from my Elfrida's lips of the results witnessed in the course of the exhibition, and the effects which they had produced upon the audience. Spirits had rapped out answers, astonishing to those who received them; tables and other heavy articles of furniture had danced about the room with the agility of a Vestris or Cerito; instruments played with no performer near them; on one occasion Snooks himself had been wafted up to the ceiling with such force, that his head broke one of the panes of the skylight. My Elfrida, amongst others, had sat for a short time with a circular piece of metal in her hand, and had fallen completely under the dominion of the lecturer. She was reduced to dumbness—she forgot her own name—she saw her dress without flounces and without crinoline, according to the dictation of Mr. Snooks. To all these and other marvels (though confirmed by the matter-of-fact Mr. Winterbottom) my philosophy compelled me to turn a deaf ear. I repudiated such extravagances with warmth, and the first symptom of a quarrel between Elfrida and myself was produced by our difference of opinion.

The next day I was summoned to the Town Hall, in my character of common-councilman, to assist in settling a dispute which had arisen between the Medium and the Corporation as to the terms on which the room had been engaged. The precise details of the question are unimportant, but the point in issue was whether Snooks, after all expenses paid, was entitled to receive one pound or five pounds. I somewhat hastily voted for the smaller sum, without perhaps sufficiently examining the terms of the agreement. But my abhorrence for what I conceived to be imposture, was sufficient to warp my judgment.

"Such impostors," I exclaimed aloud, "should be whipt at the cart's-tail, if I had my way. Summoning spirits, indeed, and reading letters with the backs of their heads! Yet gipsies are sent to prison for telling a fortune, while the grander rogue receives the favorable notice of Emperors and *Times* newspapers."

That same evening, as my shopboy Charles was putting up the shutter, and I sat in my back-parlor, with a glass of toddy, looking over accounts, a stranger was announced. He took a chair, without being bidden, and throwing aside the cloak which enveloped him, revealed to my eyes the most remarkable countenance on which I have ever gazed. The form of the head, and the cheekbones, presented the characteristics of the North American Indian, and the long black hair flowed down, almost to the shoulders, on both sides of the face. But what was singular, and even startling, about the face was, that it was impossible to derive from its aspect an idea of his age. He might have been 20 or 100, emerging into the dawn of manhood, or hastening to Nature's repose. Next to this singular circumstance was the character of his eye; it was dark and inexpressibly penetrating, so that its glance, if I may so speak, seemed to pierce through your head, and come out on the other side, as if able to read the destructive passions seated at the back, at the same time with those which mirror themselves on the forehead. With all my material philosophy, I could not repress a vague feeling of distrust.

"Stranger!" he exclaimed, in a voice of extraordinary grandeur, though coming through the nose, or rather indeed deriving from that channel its singular and never-to-be-forgotten rhythm—"stranger, my name is Snooks. I am he whom you have insulted, robbed of his due—whose art you have traduced at the Town Hall to-day. Vain pretender, who cry out that truth is profaned when your dogmas are questioned. Empty, shallow-pated fool, who think to have meted out the dominion of nature, and where your eye halts its vision, cry, 'There Nature must close.' Verily retribution shall await you. Hiss! I see them already! The phantoms are gathering round you!"

He paused for a moment, as I started at him astonished. "One word more," he continued, "see, here is the sovereign which you were the means of my receiving," and he pressed it upon my unwilling palm. "Look at it!" As I looked at it, I felt a strange vapor stealing upwards to my brain, and a sense of lassitude seemed to chain my limbs to my chair. "Ha!" he exclaimed, "you already feel the yoke of powers which you have denied. And now, from yonder glittering heap on the table, I shall take what I conceive myself entitled to, without your having it in your power to cry out 'Police!' or to move so much as a little finger to prevent me!"

He suited the action to the word, snatched up a five-pound note, which was lying with some coppers and shillings before me, drank off a full tumbler of brandy-punch, which I had made for myself and set on the table, lighted one of my cigars, bowed mockingly to me, and took his departure unmolested.

Full half-an-hour elapsed before I was fully awakened from the kind of coma which enveloped me. A fatal waking!

CHAPTER III.

FOUR-AND-TWENTY hours' reflection on this strange occurrence, though it did not entirely reassure me, yet lessened the impression at first created. I began to attribute my inability to move or speak to some physical seizure, probably the effect of the wetting three days before. At the same time I took active steps to have the robber (for such I considered him) arrested, but without result.

Elfrida and I met as often as ever, but I could not but observe that our love itself had taken a slight chill from the difference of opinion on the subject of the Medium which I have mentioned above. A singular thing began to happen about this time which very much perplexed me. Whenever I addressed her in particularly impassioned terms, looking earnestly into her eyes as a lover naturally would do under such circumstances, I observed that she immediately fell into a dozing state. And I must confess that her speeches and glances not unfrequently produced the same effect upon me. This, by rendering our love rather a one-sided affair for each of us, could not but be set down as one of the causes which probably led to the diminution of our ardor.

One day (a memorable day to me) was like to have been ushered in by a serious quarrel. Mr. Winterbottom had gone to some distance to attend a pig-market, and was not expected back till the following week. In his absence I generally took my meals with Elfrida, the only surviving member of his immediate family, with the exception of a son in the merchant service. On the occasion to which I refer we were at breakfast: I was about to commence upon some cold roast fowl to which I had just helped myself, when suddenly the table by some unseen movement was turned round, so that Elfrida's plate and cover came before me, while by the same rotary movement my plate and its contents were placed at her disposal.

"What made you push the table in that way, Elfrida?" I asked, somewhat angrily.

"I did not push it, silly boy," she replied. "I caused it to turn, that was all. Don't you see that—no doubt in a fit of absence—you have helped yourself to the wing, and given me the drumstick. Now, I think it more natural that the drumstick should fall to the gentleman's share, and the wing be the appanage of the lady."

"But you must have given the table a shove to accomplish this?"

"Not a bit of it. The lightest touch, the mere imposition of my fingers, was sufficient to produce the effect you have seen. Do you know that ever since Mr. Lafayette Snooks has been here, I have been trying my hand at his exploits, and I find that I am what is termed a Medium. I can produce raps and move furniture almost as well as he can; so perhaps could you, if you were only to try."

"Elfrida!" I exclaimed, fixing my eyes earnestly upon her. "Never let me hear again such absurdities fall from your lips. That the illiterate should be imposed upon by such juggleries I admit, while I deplore the fact. But that you, who with an almost masculine understanding have been nurtured on the philosophy of Bacon and Locke, have studied the principles of induction and deduction—"

I ceased, for she was asleep. My anger at the whole affair was such, that I could hardly get through the drumstick, whose proximity to me was sought to be attributed to a process, the offspring of a spurious philosophy. All at once Elfrida raised herself in her chair; and, throwing out her arms, cried loudly, her eyes still closed:

"I see him—I see him coming—he turns the corner, and passes the Italian warehouse. Now he is at the door, and is about to ring. It is my cousin Henry."

Immediately afterwards a ring was heard at the side door, steps sounded on the floor, and cousin Henry entered the room. Without so much as wishing him good morning, I seized my hat and dashed past him down the stairs.

CHAPTER IV.

COUSIN HENRY was a young man of about five-and-twenty, extremely well favored as regards personal appearance, but of what are termed scampish propensities. After trying his hand at various occupations, he was at the present time engaged as pianoforte teacher at the county town of S—. His performances, especially of the "*Battle of Prague*," had called forth—and indeed merited—the praise of competent critics. He had been brought up with Elfrida, and a kind of retrospective jealousy induced me to suppose that certain love passages had taken place between them in former days. His drains upon my purse, in the way of loans, had been so frequent, and his acts of misconduct so numerous, that I had been compelled to break off the acquaintance, and Elfrida had given me her solemn promise to hold no further communication with him. How then explain his presence in Mr. Winterbottom's house, and with her knowledge, for her exclamation proved that she was aware of his coming? This question so harassed me that I spent a distracted and profitless day. The mind of the tradesman should be ever fixed upon the business which he conducts, and the disposal of a bale of goods, or even the sale of a ribbon, requires an energy, less grand in its

scope, but similar in its degree, to that which guides the helm of the state, or adds imperishable pages to the amusement and instruction of mankind.

Late at night (for I had not been near Elfrida since breakfast), an indescribable restlessness seized me, and sallying forth, I strolled within sight of the well-known parlor window. To my surprise, a light was burning within, and—oh, horror!—the sounds of a pianoforte were distinctly to be heard. The tune was the "*Battle of Prague*." No more doubt; Henry was with her, and the hour twenty minutes to twelve! All was over, and the future lay before me a dreary and cheerless tract, from whose sterile soil not even a flower of hope might be expected to spring.

I returned to my bedroom adjoining our warehouse, and after having recruited my spirits with a slight cordial, proceeded to gaze sorrowfully at her photograph which hung over the mantelpiece. While engaged in this act, I was leaning with both arms upon a large empty chest near the door, which had served to convey to me some Manchester goods and cheap-printed calicoes, and had only been unpacked that day. How long I may have remained in this position I know not; but after a while I became conscious of a distinct motion in the chest; at first of a slightly vibrating kind, like that of a ship going through smooth water; then a rocking to and fro; finally, a movement upwards, accompanied by several loud raps on the under side of the upper lid. At first I conceived myself to be the victim of a hallucination, for, as I have before said, the stern system of logic to which I had wedded myself forbade the belief in so much as the possibility of so-called spiritual manifestations. But by degrees the still sterner logic of facts began to appal me. As if by some mysterious sympathy with the chest, I could see all the packing cases in the warehouse shifting uneasily in their places. Before long, rolls of calico danced upon the ground in company with costly silk dresses, while yards upon yards of sarsnet ribbon unfolded themselves spontaneously upon the floor.

It may be supposed that I was startled; still I clung firmly to my principles, and refused to abandon the vantage ground of natural causes. I felt that I had with me not only Bacon and Locke, but the whole body of modern philosophers, the acute Leibnitz, the fanciful Condillac, Kant, with his pure reason; Hegel, the dreaming seer of science; not to speak of Reid, Dugald Stewart and Hamilton, among our own countrymen. But here was an opportunity, it might be, of adding a fresh page to the chapter of induction, and no true philosopher should shrink from the crucial test of a tentative process.

With pen and pencil I hastily constructed an alphabet such as I have heard are used on these occasions, and by its help proceeded to interrogate the supposed spirit.

To my first question, whether Henry had left Elfrida, the answer was "Yes." The following intelligence was communicated in reply to further queries, the queries themselves it being unnecessary to give. "She was at that moment sitting in the front parlor looking out on the street, before going to bed. She held in her hand a note which had just been given to her, and which she hesitated about opening. After a while she put it on the mantelpiece, determined not to break the seal till the following morning. The letter was in a man's handwriting."

In less than two minutes I was standing at Mr. Winterbottom's door, for my ardor was such that I longed to possess, without a moment's delay, the verification or refutation of what I had heard. And now occurred to me for the first time the difficulty of obtaining access at that undue hour. While I was revolving in my mind various manoeuvres derived from my recollections of Lope de Vega and the intrigues of Spanish comedy, I suddenly found myself lifted from the ground, as if by some unseen personage who was grasping my legs at about the top of my Wellington boots. I rose in this way (too much astonished to utter a syllable) until I reached the bow-window of the first floor parlor, where I stopped; and, thinking it undesirable to remain out all night in the open air, under circumstances likely to expose me to the suspicions of the local constabulary, I lifted the sash and stepped in. The first object which struck my eyes, by the light of the remains of a feeble candle which had been left burning, was the dreadful letter!

I glanced hastily at the superscription. A single look served to show me that it was not in her father's handwriting; nor indeed was it in that of her uncle, an apothecary of some local eminence, and who had always greatly favored our union. She was acquainted with no other men but her cousin Henry and myself. I was about to break open the seal, when it occurred to me that such a course of conduct would ill befit the descendant of those who had bled at Agincourt and Poitiers. I put my hands behind my head, which seemed to be bursting, and threw myself despairingly into a seat, with my elbows on the table. During this time my fingers still unconsciously grasped the fatal missive, which they rumpled and crumpled in their fever.

Suddenly I felt a shooting pain at the back of my head, as if the seat of sensation so variously shifted by physiologists had all at once taken up its place at the base of the occiput. Clearly and distinctly—as clearly and distinctly as I now trace these lines—I was able to read, through the red sealing wax, through the closed envelope, through the folded Bath note paper, the words:

"Dearest, let us settle the matter once for all. Come to me on Thursday, at 8—. Don't let your father know. We shall soon, I hope, meet to part no more. Higgins is such an ass!"

Darkness stole over my soul—that *divine particula aurea* of the ancients, of which perhaps when we have termed it Soul we can add nothing more—and for a time I lay unconscious. Real and Ideal, Actual and Possible, had faded from the memory of that strange compound which we call Man.

(To be continued.)

SCRAPS OF HUMOR.

IT is said that there is a deed on file in Cambridge, Mass., which describes a piece of land as bounded by "stumps and stones, where Daniel Harrington licked William Smith."

"SAMBO, whar do you get dat watch you wear at meetin' last Sunday?"

"How you know I hab watch?"

"Bekase I seed de chain hang out de pocket in front."

"Go 'way, nigger! 'Spose you see halter round my neck, you tink dar is horse inside ob me?"

A SIGN on a small house in the vicinity of Dublin has this inscription—"Asses' milk every morning hot from the cow."

"EXCUSE me, madam, but I would like to ask why you look at me so very savagely?"

"Oh! beg pardon, sir! I took you for my husband!"

A FELLOW in Texas has just invented a strengthening plaster, which will enable you to "take up" anything, from a four months' note to a hoghead of sugar.

AMONGST the rules and regulations which are posted up at the entrance of the Vienna theatres, is the following: "Triple applause, or three distinct rounds of clapping, being due to the Emperor and the Imperial family, it is not fit that it should be bestowed on any actor or actress whatever."

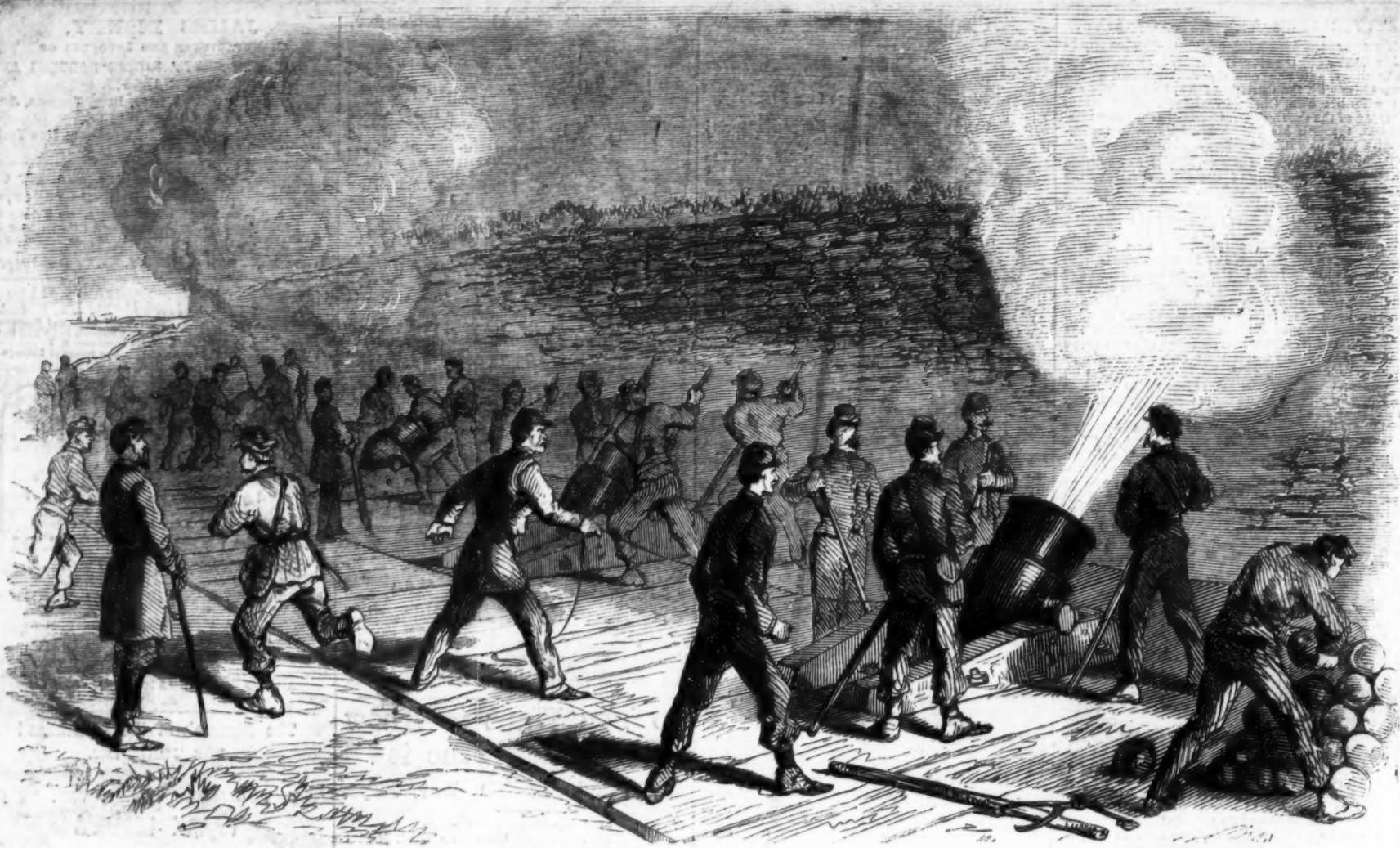
A DRUNKEN fellow at a late hour in the night, was sitting in the middle of the Place Vendome, Paris. A friend of his happening to pass, recognized him and said:

"Well, and what do you do here? Why don't you go home?"

The drunkard replied, "My good fellow, 'tis just what I want, but the place is all going round, and I'm waiting for my door to go by."

LONG before the cry of *Unité Italy* was raised, an Italian prince, whose dominions were very limited, having learned that a Frenchman, then at his court, had been witty at his expense, sent orders to him to leave his dominions in three days. "He is very good," answered the Frenchman, "to give me so long a time. I could have done it in three-quarters of an hour."

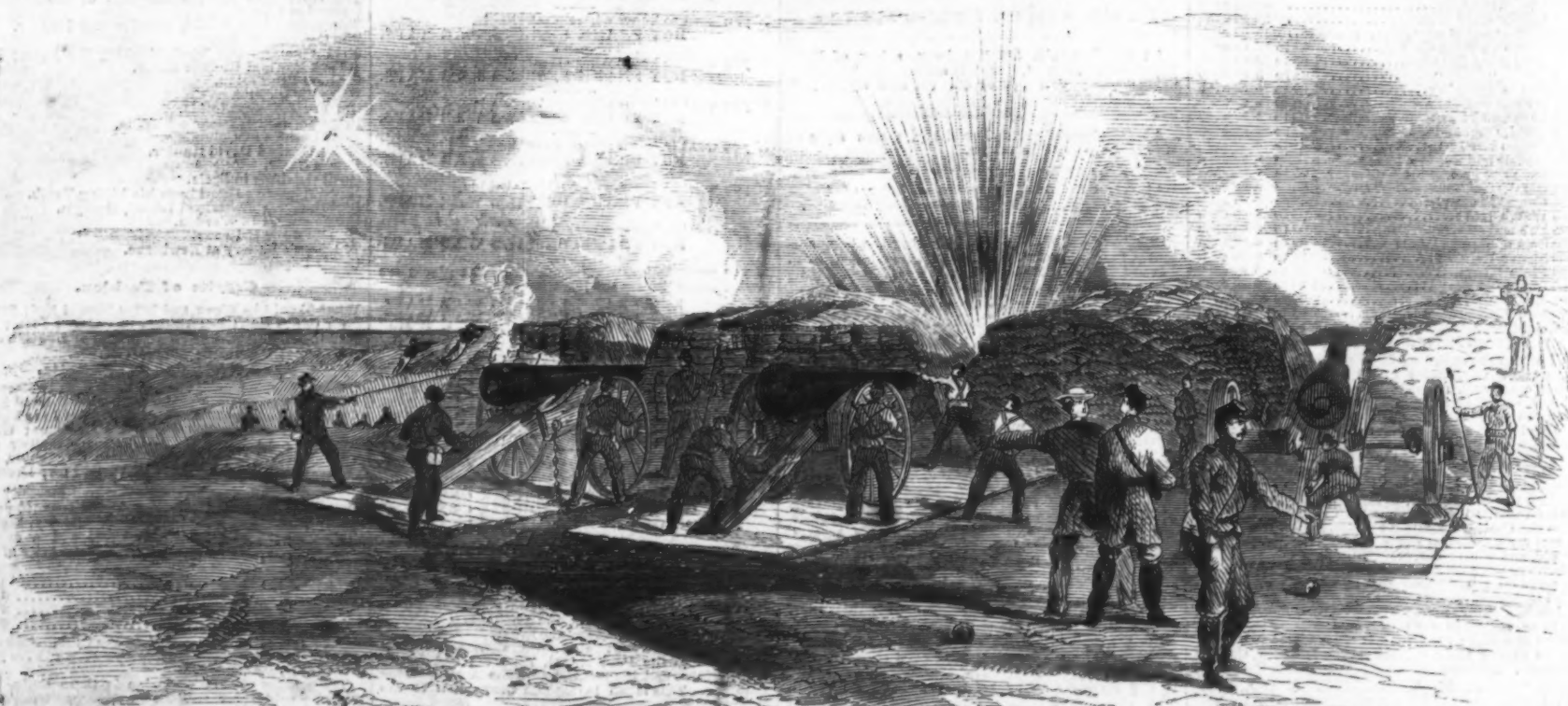
LEESBURG.—A correspondent of the *Philadelphia Ledger*, writing from Leesburg, Va., describes the present condition of the place as follows: "In Leesburg we found the venom of Secession had been doing its appointed work. Its legitimate fruits were everywhere visible in deserted streets, in houses given over to decay, in business prostrated—no, not prostrated—dead—dead, almost beyond hope of resurrection; stores, not locked up, nailed up; the commonest necessities of life not to be bought for all the wealth of a Bidgway or a Rothschild; men with their pockets filled with Confederate bonds unable to buy a breakfast; a community lapsed into a state of semi-barbarism, no communication with the outer world, no law, no minister of justice, no source of appeal from tyranny and oppression, in one of the finest county seats in the State, whose boast is her motto, '*Sic semper tyrannis*!'"



WAR IN NORTH CAROLINA—BOMBARDMENT OF FORT MACON—THE 10-INCH MORTAR BATTERY CAPT. FLAGLER, IN ACTION.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. H. SCHILL.



WAR IN NORTH CAROLINA—UNION PICKETS SKIRMISHING WITH REBEL PICKETS AT THE "THE CHIMNEY," THE REMAINS OF AN OLD HOUSE NEAR FORT MACON, N. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. H. SCHILL.



BOMBARDMENT OF FORT MACON—CAPT. MORRIS'S BATTERY OF 80-POUND PARROTT GUNS FIRING ON THE FORT, APRIL 20.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. H. SCHILL.